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AGRARIAN DISTRESS IN THE SEVENTIES: THE MULBERRY AGRICULTURAL CLUB VERSUS GOVERNOR DAVID P. LEWIS

by

William Warren Rogers

As Alabamians struggled through the bitter years of Reconstruction, they contended with a political and social revolution. The Republican party was in power, and the newly freed and newly enfranchised black man forced fundamental changes in society's makeup and direction.¹ But political tensions and relations between races could, in time, be adjusted. The settlement or accommodations might not be wise or even fair (as many times they were not), but these difficulties were not so pressing as economic concerns. Regardless of age, race, sex, or color, the individual in Reconstruction Alabama faced the not always easy demand of survival.

The life of the state in ante-bellum times had come from the soil, and the survival of the state became no less dependent upon the products of the earth. Destruction by war and recovery from its effects was difficult enough, but the situation was compounded by the dislocations of Reconstruction and then, in the 1870's, by a severe economic depression that, while nationwide, lingered much longer in the South. Hoping to achieve relief by collective action, farmers in several counties formed agricultural clubs. Cooperative interchange of ideas and farming practices might not offer salvation, but the agrarians proceeded on the correct theory that they had nothing to lose²

The Mulberry Agricultural Club of Autauga County was one farm organization that not only operated locally but attempted to secure action at the state level. In the fall of 1873 a committee from the club, headed by Charles M. Howard, engaged in

¹Although a modern study of Reconstruction in Alabama is needed, of continued importance is the pioneering work by Walter Lynwood Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama* (New York, 1905).

²For the general picture of Southern agriculture in this period see Theodore Saloutos, "Southern Agriculture and the Problems of Readjustment: 1865-1877," *Agricultural History*, XXX (1956), 58-70. For conditions in Alabama see William Warren Rogers, *The One-Gallused Rebellion: Agrarianism in Alabama, 1865-1896* (Baton Rouge, 1970), 1-30.

an exchange of letters with Republican Governor David P. Lewis.³ The communications, which contained no hint of partisan politics, are important in that they reveal the relentless difficulties faced by farmers. Beyond this, the two letters composed by the committee are brilliantly written. In style—graceful yet trenchant, philosophical yet incisive—they owe less to the Victorian age and more to that of Thomas Jefferson. The reply of Governor Lewis (deliberate and somewhat pedantic) shows concern but no real awareness of what direct participation by the state could accomplish in alleviating the plight of agriculture. After its mild proposals were rejected by the chief executive, the committee had the last word in a classical reply. With extreme courtesy the Autauga County farmers informed the governor, that, in effect, he was wrong, but held out hope that he might at some time understand their needs.

No immediate state laws were passed to aid the farmers; there was not even a State Department of Agriculture until 1883. Yet the letters remain as painful reminders of harsh economic conditions and as eloquent testimonials to the enlightened concepts of the Mulberry Agricultural Club.

Mulberry P. O. Autauga Co. Ala.
Sept 20th 1873

To His Excellency
D. P. Lewis
Gov. of Ala.
Dr. Sir:

At a late meeting of the "Mulberry Agricultural Club," we were appointed a committee to communicate with you upon the subject of our agricultural necessities and invoke your cooperation in measures of relief. If apology be necessary, let the circumstances by which we are embarrassed and our anxiety to improve them, plead our excuse.

It is difficult to appreciate the prostrate condition of our farming interests without contact with our rural districts or

³These letters are on deposit in the Governor's Correspondence files in the Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery.

familiarity with the avenues through which our farmers obtain assistance. While our population possesses in a large degree the two most important elements constituting wealth — industry and frugality, never have they received so little encouragement from their own efforts or from legislation as within the last few years. The failure of two crops in succession have nearly bankrupted a majority of our merchants and planters, and despondency is gaining the ascendancy over all remaining energy. Domestic capital is seeking investment beyond the State, that from abroad, recoils at the prospect offered for entry, while labor — crushed by want of adequate returns — seeks foreign fields where well-directed activity finds ampler remuneration.

Of the appropriations made by Congress for all purposes during its last session, one dollar only in the thousand, it is said, was directed to the interests of agricultural pursuits, while in our State comparatively little attention has been given by legislation to the growth of those pursuits engaging the time of a majority of our people. Local wants have been met, individual claims satisfied, partisan ends promoted and latent resources sought to be unearthed, while it is feared that the tendency of some legislation has been to antagonize pursuits and conditions that should be in harmony. As a result of this policy may be referred the present want of both private and public credit.

While persuaded that we share your sympathy, we claim your assistance. Is it not humiliating to feel that the productive industry of our state has suffered a loss of 15 millions of dollars in the last 60 days and yet the unwelcome reality compels the confession. The desolation that advertises itself in every cotton field is a repetition of that of last year and today we are deprived of the reward delusive hope offered us but two months ago. And must this continue from year to year? Is there no hope of relief — no appearance of a brighter tomorrow? If none, then is the basis of all our business pursuits shaken, the hope of reward blasted, and Alabama—no longer symbolized by the cheering words, "*here we rest*," must yield to the logic of events and witness the exodus of a *restless* population to more inviting fields of labor and enterprise. But should we indulge in so gloomy a view?

In the older states, evils of less magnitude inflicted upon their industrial pursuits, have arrested legislative attention and made to yield to well-digested measures of relief, and surely our losses under the embarrassments that otherwise surround us, warrant a like course. Individual activity reports some progress in the direction of arresting the ravages of the cotton-worm, and if sustained by legislative cooperation, we will not deny ourselves the hope that before another crop is matured, a large measure of relief will be in reach. To this end, allow us to suggest that some recommendation be made by you to our next Genl Assembly, looking to the appointment of some suitable agent whose duties shall be limited to the collection of information in reference to the active enemies of the cotton plant and the means necessary to their destruction. The general dissemination of such information before another crop is planted would be a valuable contribution to the security of the agricultural interests of our State and section and have the tendency to dispel the gloomy apprehensions which now so heartily weigh down our people.

The resolutions of the club authorizing our appointment justify us in a more comprehensive view of our material necessities, but we forbear. The influence with which official position invests your Excellency induces us to present these considerations direct to you, believing that you are ready to inaugurate any measure or means calculated to subserve our interests. A careful survey of their magnitude and the dangers that now threaten them, can but result in an increased desire to protect and enlarge them, and hence we appeal with confidence to you to aid us, not only in the measures of relief suggested by this communication but in all others, to the end that lost confidence be restored, renewed animation infused into our agricultural circles and thrift and contentment pervade all classes of our commonwealth.

Respectfully

Chas. M. Howard

T. D. Cory

Thos. Underwood

O. C. G. LaMan

Leonidas Howard

J. A. Wilkinson

Montgomery Sept 25th 1873

Messers Charles Howard, and others, Committee of Mulberry Agricultural Club;

Mulberry, Autauga Co, Alabama:

Gentlemen;

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your interesting communication of the 20th Inst, on the condition of the agricultural interests of Alabama.

I thank you for the confidence you have in my sympathy not only with the general suffering of our population, but also with the great embarrassments of this branch of industry that cultivates the soil. My investments and interests are entirely agricultural. And it would be strange indeed if I should be insensible to causes which embarrass, and depress the planting interest.

I beg to assure you, that I will cheerfully co-operate, in any well devised legislative plan, that may afford relief to our suffering population.

But while I shall be ready so to act, your communication shows you to be too intelligent, to suppose that legislation can pay debts, or supply the deficiencies of a bad system, or defective management. There is no more suitable occasion that in the present pangs of our suffering community, to inculcate the truth, that the people must work out their own relief by good management, economy, thrift, & industry. Your "Club" can render no greater boon to the people of the State, than to teach them, that every plantation which does not raise its own supplies, is on the road to ruin. The exhaustion of the soil by the production of more cotton, the proceeds of which purchases supplies to sustain the labor that produces it must in the end lead to absolute indigence.

To accomplish this variety of crops, the owners of land should reside on their plantations, and participate themselves in the labor, care, and supervision of this branch of industry. The landed proprietor has ceased to be worthy to own the soil,

which, from indolence, or morbid sentiments, he esteems an unfit place for his residence. A wise and necessary adaption to the fundamental changes in our system of labor by the landowner, alone will prevent him from being superseded, as proprietor, by the operation of the laws of nature, which nothing earthly can contravene. The great law of nature teaches us, that the most energetic, and thrifty of the population will own the best lands in any community. Nor is any exempt from the operation of this law.

I am sure that your club will appreciate these truths, and by percept, and example, demonstrate their wisdom & utility.

I have the honor to be,

Your Obedient Servant

David P. Lewis

Mulberry P. O. Autauga Co. Ala.

Oct. 4th 1873

His Excellency

D. P. Lewis

Gov. of Ala.

Dear Sir:

It is our pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th ult. responsive to ours of the 20th and while thanking you for your prompt attention, the Club directs us to reply.

The lessons we have learned in the school of experience have cost us too much to be insensible to the force of your Excellency's remarks respecting the policy pursued by the agricultural interests of the state. The high price of cotton persuaded too many of us that its culture offered us the surest means to aid us in meeting our obligations, while both labor and capital, in their changed relation, feared the experiment of a departure from accustomed channels. These truths, so generally accepted as such, serve to mitigate a policy which we now regard as truly unfortunate.

Conceding however all you suggest as necessary to place us again on the road to success [yet] there is, as we conceive, still much force in the subject of our late letter. Any change in our industrial pursuits that would pretermit the cultivation of cotton, or assign to it, an unimportant place in the roll of farm products would doubtless inflict upon us a misfortune second only to that we now realize. We concede that we should, by all means, raise our own supplies, but cannot so readily yield assent to the idea that we can compete with the North and West in distant markets in the sale of those products common to both sections. To be prosperous, we must have a surplus. We claim that the surplus should be cotton and its importance therefore suggests that its culture should be studied and such public as well as private means used to cheapen production as will not militate against other public pursuits. Alabama has been remarkably unfortunate for two years and hence our concern should predominate over that of those whose afflictions have been less. It was in this view of the subject that our letter was addressed to you and the reply of your Excellency has not impaired our confidence in its wisdom.

We have therefore to regret that you fail to discover importance sufficient in our application to induce you to *initiate* a measure calculated to encourage a more hopeful prospect. We asked for no appropriation to pay debts nor sought assistance to supplement mismanagement. Our petition was prospective, involved no pecuniary consideration but simply asked the collation by Legislative action, of all the facts bearing upon a subject, the nature of which is such that our agricultural public cannot otherwise reap the benefits of individual effort. With this point secured, we have confidence to believe that we can vindicate our ability to relieve ourselves.

For a people, whose material interests have so severely suffered, and from whose industry the government derives so much to sustain it, we can but hope, that upon a review of the subject, your Excellency will recognize in it, a greater importance and sustain us to the extent indicated. Especially so, as our application is in striking contrast with those so often made by other interests, whose relation to the government is not so

vital, while their growth has been so largely encouraged by its aid.

Respectfully,
Chas. M. Howard
Thos. Underwood
J. A. Wilkinson
Leonidas Howard
T. D. Cory
O. C. G. LaMan

STANLEY HUBERT DENT AND AMERICAN MILITARY POLICY, 1916-1920

by Robert D. Ward

The United States' declaration of war on Germany in April, 1917 brought an immediate emphasis and importance to military affairs, and gave new prominence to the men who helped shape American military policy. One of these men was Representative Stanley H. Dent, Democrat of Alabama, the chairman of the House military affairs committee. From the pre-war agitation over preparedness, through the issues and organizational problems of the war, and on to the final post-war debate on military policy, Dent played a major role. His career, and the policies he espoused, make it clear that there are no simple explanations of the Southern mind. The easy demarcations of "liberal" and "conservative" lose validity in the complexities of human thought, and are utterly demolished by the shifting references of even a few decades.

Stanley H. Dent was born a member of what Theodore Roosevelt liked to call "the governing class." His father was an honored Confederate veteran, a successful lawyer in Eufaula, Alabama, and a respected and influential member of the Democratic hierarchy. There was no question of the "Bourbon" allegiance of the Dents. In 1896 father and son supported the Gold Democrats against the challenge of the Jeffersonian Democrats and their Populist allies. In 1901, Dent's father was a member of the constitutional convention that, through Negro disfranchisement, ended the threat that common economic and political interests might transcend even race in Alabama politics.¹

The younger Dent graduated in law from the University of Virginia, practiced his profession for ten years in his native Eufaula, and served his political apprenticeship speaking for Democratic candidates.² He might thus have set the pattern

¹See Joel C. DuBose, ed., *Notable Men of Alabama*, 2 vols. (Atlanta, 1904), I, 64, and General Clement A. Evans, *Confederate Military History*, 12 vols. (Atlanta, 1899), VII, 417-420. The Dents' early political positions are mentioned in A. B. Moore, *History of Alabama* (University, 1934), 644, and in the *Montgomery Advertiser*, October 7, 1938.

²DuBose, *Notable Men*, I, 65; *Eufaula Daily News*, July 22, September 20, 1898.

of a lifetime: county politics, a comfortable legal income, and perhaps a judgeship for the future. But the pattern, if formed at all, was not followed. In 1899 Dent moved to Montgomery and joined the law firm of General William C. Oates, a friend of his father's, and the conservative victor over Reuben Kolb in the heated gubernatorial election of 1894. In 1902 Governor William D. Jelks, a fellow Eufaulian, appointed Dent as solicitor of Montgomery County to fill an unexpired term, and in 1904 Dent won election to the position for a full six year term. The influence and prestige of his father marked Dent's road to preferment, but he proved himself a competent attorney, and one of the more scholarly members of the Alabama Bar Association.³

With pledges of support from Democratic leaders, Dent entered the contest in 1908 for representative from the Second Congressional District. Dent's major opponent was William H. Samford, an experienced politician and campaigner. Samford won the endorsement of the powerful Anti-Saloon League, and seemed a sure winner in the election. After an inauspicious beginning, Dent centered his attack on the Alabama superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, the Reverend Brooks Lawrence of Ohio, and ignored Samford for the rest of the campaign. Demagoguery paid handsomely, and Dent, with a huge vote from his own Montgomery County, narrowly defeated Samford.⁴

The new congressman was thirty-nine years old, a conservative in the states rights fashion of Southern politicians, and apparently opposed to prohibition. Beyond this a discernible ideology was difficult to find. It remained for time and issues to produce specific views and hard convictions.

On his entry to Congress, Dent was assigned to the House

³Montgomery *Advertiser*, November 22, 26, 27, 1902; Montgomery *Journal*, April 14, 1904; *Biennial Report of the Attorney-General of Alabama to the Governor* (Montgomery, 1906), 33. And see S. H. Dent, Jr., "Common Law System of Pleading," *Proceedings, Alabama State Bar Association* (1903), 70-75.

⁴The election may be followed in some detail in the Montgomery *Advertiser* and the Montgomery *Journal*, April-September, 1908. Dent played endlessly on Rev. Lawrence's Ohio background and his intervention in Alabama politics. As Dent put it, "The league is drawing whatever money it can from the women and children in this land and putting into its treasury, and he [Lawrence] has his hand there ready to dig into that treasury, and he digs and digs into it in order to support himself and to take care of his family, if he has any, in Birmingham." See Montgomery *Advertiser*, September 7, 1908.

military affairs committee, and it was here that his basic predilections found supplement and reinforcement from his chairman, James Hay of Virginia. Hay had consistently opposed both army personnel increases and army reforms after the Spanish-American War. He had clashed repeatedly with Chief of Staff Leonard Wood, and only the intervention of President Taft had stopped Hay's effort to have Wood removed. Hay demanded a small, volunteer professional army; he opposed any increase in the power of the General Staff, and he was adamantly opposed to conscription. A National Guard and a reservoir of citizens who would come forward in emergency was an adequate system for the defense of the nation. To pursue another course could only result in militarism — a term for Hay that included any enhancement of the army's role in policy decisions.⁵

There seems little doubt that Dent found these views congenial. The Jeffersonian tradition had been the catechism of Dent's early political views. If it too often had been the refuge of the reactionary against change and reform, its libertarian emphasis on the individual, and its fears and distrust of military power, became touchstones for Dent's congressional career. These views were soon to be tested against the growing pressure of events.

The outbreak of war in Europe in 1914, with its implied threat to American security, brought forth growing demands for military preparedness in this country. Through the medium of many organizations the plea was made, and the political pressure applied, for a strengthening of the army and navy, and the enactment of military training for all young men. While the movement laid claim to national support, its financial base and its leadership were predominantly Northern, its political orientation strongly Republican, and its broader ideas best characterized as a blend of Big Business *laissez-faire* and Rooseveltian Nationalism.⁶

⁵For Hay's views see George C. Herring, Jr., "James Hay and the Preparedness Controversy, 1915-1916," *Journal of Southern History*, XXX (November, 1964), 383-404.

⁶The most vocal, influential, and best financed of the preparedness groups was the National Security League, organized in 1914. See Robert D. Ward, "The Origin and Activities of the National Security League, 1914-1919," *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XLVII (June, 1960), 51-65.

Although the initial movement for greater military preparedness was almost a monopoly of the Republican Party, Democrats, including President Wilson, could not long ignore the political threat inherent in the issue. With some reluctance, Wilson adopted preparedness for his own, and ordered his Secretaries of War and Navy to produce a program to strengthen the armed forces. On December 7, 1915 the President presented to Congress the "Continental Army Plan" of Secretary of War Lindley K. Garrison. This called for the creation of an entirely new army reserve of 400,000 men to be raised through volunteering, and for an increase in the size of the Regular Army.⁷ These plans made it clear that the National Guard would no longer be considered as the Nation's second line of defense. Garrison's ideas on the role of the Guard were in full agreement with nationalist abhorrence of state troops, and thus exactly in opposition to the views of Chairman Hay, Dent, and a majority of the House military affairs committee. In their resistance to a Continental Army, and in their basic distrust of military power, the Southerners were in actual, if unacknowledged, agreement with the liberals of the day. If this constituted a most incoherent alliance it was nevertheless a powerful one — and one that the President himself could hardly overlook.⁸

Confronted by a revolt in the ranks, Wilson repudiated Garrison's Continental Army and accepted a Hay compromise. Garrison resigned as Secretary of War in anger and disgust, an instant martyr for the preparedness crusade. The Hay bill was adopted by the House military affairs committee, and submitted to the House for debate. Speaking for the bill, Dent demonstrated that his conversion was complete. "I believe," he said, "that the sentiment of this nation is in favor of building a second line of defense from the citizen soldiery of the country who mix and mingle daily in the business and social life of the people among whom they live."⁹ On this premise, an enlarged National Guard with more direct Federal training, plus an increase of the Regular Army to 220,000 men should

⁷*Congressional Record*, 64th Cong., 1st Sess., 223.

⁸See Herring, "Hay," and Martha Derthick, "Militia Lobby in the Missile Age—The Politics of the National Guard," in Samuel P. Huntington, ed., *Changing Patterns of Military Politics* (New York, 1962), 203.

⁹*Congressional Record*, 64th Cong., 1st Sess., 4350.

answer the needs of the Nation. Beating down Republican efforts for a still larger Regular Army, the House passed the Hay bill by an overwhelming vote. Hay and Dent, representing the House in conference committee, stood firm against the Senate's acceptance of the Continental Army, and maintained the essential terms of the Hay bill. The National Defense Act of 1916 was a defeat for extreme preparedness advocates, and a clear manifestation that Southerners not only controlled military policy, but controlled it in a most unmilitant direction.

With the National Defense Act completed, and with military matters supposedly settled for the immediate future, Chairman Hay accepted an appointment to the Federal judiciary. While preparedness advocates might cheer Hay's retirement from the House, they had little grounds for optimism. Continuity of viewpoint was not broken as Dent was named the new chairman of the military affairs committee on September 5, 1916.¹⁰

For almost eight months Dent presided over his committee without the intrusion of major problems. Republican militants continued their agitation for preparedness and inundated the nation with propaganda for universal military training.¹¹ Despite these cries for action the Wilson administration was not inclined to go further down the road of preparedness. This stalemate was broken with the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany in February, 1917, and Wilson's later request for a declaration of war on April 2. With war a reality, the basis of military debate was dramatically altered. It was now agreed that the chief task of the nation was to raise an army for immediate action. How was that army to be raised?

When Wilson asked his Congress for a declaration of war, he also called for an "army of at least 500,000 men based on the principle of universal liability to service . . . , with additional increments to be added as they were needed."¹² This was the first

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 13,879.

¹¹Chase C. Mooney and Martha E. Layman, "Some Phases of the Compulsory Military Training Movement, 1914-1920," *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XXXVIII (March, 1952), 633. And see the interesting "Itinerary of Henry L. Stimson and Frederic R. Coudert through the West and South, April 1, 1917 to April 14, 1917, in Henry L. Stimson Papers, Yale University Library.

¹²*Birmingham Age-Herald*, April 3, 1917.

public intimation that Wilson had decided to use conscription to raise his army, and the point was almost lost in the initial immensity of being in the war. On April 4, Dent announced that his committee stood ready to hear specific recommendations from Secretary of War Newton D. Baker.¹³ At this point Dent's committee was composed of twelve Democrats and eight Republicans. Seven of the twelve Democrats were from the South, and most, like Dent, were "little army" men.¹⁴ The legend of Southern militarism found little representation here.

With great events in the offing, the *Montgomery Advertiser* pointed with pride to Dent's crucial role of leadership and observed that "it is expected that Mr. Dent will widen his reputation as a statesman."¹⁵ But what now ensued was not quite what the *Advertiser* had in mind.

On April 6, Secretary Baker testified before the House committee and spelled out the administration's desire for a conscriptive system. When Baker concluded his presentation it was clear that the wartime pressures of "supporting the president" would not be enough to guarantee smooth sailing for a draft bill. As a result of the first meeting with Baker, the Southern Democrats voiced their opposition to conscription. Some candidly stated their fear that conscription would undermine white supremacy. Dent announced that his opposition was based on a matter of conscience, but if convinced there was no other way to raise an army he would yield on his convictions.¹⁶

On April 9, Secretary Baker met once again with the military committee, and by now the battle lines were hardening. The Southerners argued for the traditional use of volunteering, and Baker, equally adamant, insisted that only conscription could raise the necessary troops.¹⁷ Again, as in 1916, the House military affairs committee had rebelled against presidential

¹³*Ibid.*, April 5, 1917.

¹⁴Besides Dent, the committee included Quin of Mississippi, Wise of Georgia, Nichols of South Carolina, Harrison of Virginia, and Garrett of Texas.

¹⁵*Montgomery Advertiser*, April 3, 1917.

¹⁶*New York Times*, April 7, 1917.

¹⁷*Mobile Register*, April 10, 1917.

policy. Once again the Southerners constituted the core of the rebellion. In 1916 Wilson had compromised to keep peace in the party; but in 1917 Wilson spoke for the nation as a wartime president, reinforced by the tides of patriotic ardor. It was unlikely that history would repeat itself.

With his selective service bill running into difficulties, Wilson summoned Dent to the White House on April 9. The President argued that the safety of the nation demanded a policy of conscription. Dent replied that a volunteer system could raise the required number of men, and that it was unlikely that his committee or the House would pass selective service.¹⁸ Although Dent later sought to minimize his differences with the President as simply a debate on the means to be used, the nation was awakening to the fact that all was not well in Washington. The press rallied to the side of Wilson, and even the *Montgomery Advertiser* was moved to observe that "this is no time for worn-out formulas"¹⁹

On April 11, Wilson met with Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, and Claude Kitchin, Democratic majority leader, for further discussion of the draft issue. Clark and Kitchin, both of whom shared Dent's repugnance to conscription, reiterated that there was strong opposition in the House, and counseled that volunteering should be tried first.²⁰ On the following day, as if in answer to the suggestion, Secretary Baker announced that he stood "firmly and unalterably" in support of selective service.²¹ On April 17, Dent made a final effort to heal the growing rift. Once again he emphasized to Wilson the strength of House opposition and the possibilities of a compromise. But when Dent left the White House, the President called in the Republican leaders of the House for consultation. As a result, the ranking Republican on the House military affairs committee, Julius Kahn of California, became the administration's spokesman for the selective service bill.²² The Democratic

¹⁸New York Times, April 10, 1917.

¹⁹Ibid.; Birmingham Age-Herald, April 10, 1917; Montgomery Advertiser, April 11, 1917.

²⁰Birmingham Age-Herald, April 13, 1917.

²¹Ibid.

²²Birmingham News, April 19, 1917.

majority on the committee now opposed their own Democratic president who was represented in the House by the Republicans. It was a singular beginning for a supposedly united effort at war.

Under Dent's leadership the House committee, unswayed by the application of Wilsonian pressure, amended the administration's draft bill. The President was authorized to call for 500,000 volunteers, and an additional 500,000 if required. But at the same time the President was empowered to register all young men nineteen to twenty-five, and if he found that sufficient forces has not been raised by volunteering, he could draft additional increments of 500,000 men.²³ The amendment was adroit, for the Southerners could correctly claim that they had not turned the President down on his draft proposals, and that in fact their plan would bring in men while the mechanics of the draft were still at work in registration. "As a whole," said Dent, "the committee gave the administration everything it asked for."²⁴ But no sophistries could hide the fundamental point of disagreement. The Southerners were determined to avoid conscription; the administration was determined not to allow volunteering and to proceed on the modern "scientific" method of manpower procurement. The core of that modern method was centralization and a subordination of the individual. It decried and denied the free-will response of volunteering, even if volunteering could raise the requisite numbers of men.

On April 23, debate opened in the House on the military bill. While the speeches and questions threw light on individual positions and attitudes, they added nothing to the basic terms of the controversy. But on this same day, Secretary of War Baker was moved to action. The Secretary "took it for granted that the bill . . . would eventually pass," and wired all governors to explain their duties and to request that they begin preparations for registration.²⁵ Colonel Hugh S. Johnson of the War Department, with the cooperation of the Government

²³*Congressional Record*, 65th Cong., Special Sess., 667; *House Reports*, 65th Cong., I, Report 17, 2.

²⁴*Birmingham Age-Herald*, April 23, 1917.

²⁵Frederick Palmer, *Newton D. Baker; America at War*, 2 vols. (New York, 1931), I, 207.

Printing Office, had the masses of forms necessary for draft registration printed and packaged in plain wrappers. Baker then mailed out the forms to every mayor and sheriff who would supervise registration. In this fashion the War Department proved its point that drafting would not take longer than volunteering to raise troops.²⁶

While the War Department carried on its clandestine activities, President Wilson again threw his personal influence into the balance. During the second day of debate in the House, Wilson visited the Capitol and turned the screws of pressure on recalcitrant Democrats.²⁷ The effect of the presidential visit was illustrated in the Alabama delegation. While George Huddleston stood firm against conscription, William B. Bankhead, admitting his prior opposition, announced that he now intended to support the President.²⁸ By the third day of debate Dent's forces were dwindling, although the cause received at least dramatic reinforcement as Champ Clark left the Speaker's chair to castigate conscription.²⁹

On April 28, Representative Kahn introduced an amendment to strike the use of volunteering and proceed with the use of selective service. By a vote of 313 to 109 the Kahn amendment was accepted and the proponents of volunteering were defeated.³⁰ With slightly conflicting bills passed by House and Senate, Dent performed yeoman service in gaining acceptance of administration desires. At least temporarily his war with Wilson came to an end.³¹

As the war came to a close, and as the issues of postwar military policy began to be discussed, Dent's continued presence on the military affairs committee remained an obstacle to those desiring the retention of a large army and a program of

²⁶*Ibid.*, I, 212.

²⁷Alex Matthews Arnett, *Claude Kitchen and the Wilson War Policies* (Boston, 1937), 247.

²⁸*Congressional Record*, 65th Cong., Special Sess., 1,092, 1,096.

²⁹*Ibid.*, 1,119-22.

³⁰*Ibid.*, 1,555.

³¹Wilson praised Dent's services in driving the bill to a successful conclusion. *Ibid.*, 2,215.

compulsory military training. Prior to the congressional elections of 1918, the National Security League actively entered politics in an effort to purge Congress of its "un-American" personnel.³² Dent ranked high on the purge list along with the Socialist Victor Berger and Senator Robert LaFollette.³³ On August 22, 1918, the *Boston Transcript* printed a long and bitter editorial entitled "Down with Dent." As that newspaper phrased it, "from the day he went to the head of the committee as a successor of his prototype, Hay of Virginia, Dent has done as much as he dared, and probably more than any other member of the House to prevent the upbuilding of our land forces."³⁴ Then, citing the propaganda handouts of the National Security League, the newspaper reported Dent's "wrong" votes on major issues. He voted for the McLemore Resolution of 1916 denying American citizens the right to travel on the high seas, he voted against the Kahn amendment for selective service, and, in a list of culminating sins, he voted against the declaration of war on Germany. In view of Dent's obstruction "it is the downfall of Dent which is important and which the people have a right to demand."³⁵

While Dent's Alabama constituents were unlikely to be influenced by Boston newspapers, Dent replied to the charges of the *Transcript*. Gaining the floor of the House on September 6, he made a restrained rebuttal to his detractors. "That there can be a difference of opinion," said Dent, "as to the best method of raising an army . . . no honest man can deny."³⁶ But the *Transcript* had blatantly falsified his record. He had voted to table the McLemore Resolution, not to pass it. He had voted for the declaration of war. So much for the political propaganda of the National Security League.

While Dent handily won reelection in 1918, Republican militants won a point as well.³⁷ The new Congress was organized

³²Ward, "National Security League," 61.

³³According to the National Security League, "Dent had shown his "absolute unfitness to occupy the position that he held." *Ibid.*, 57.

³⁴The author expresses his appreciation to the Boston Public Library for making this edition available.

³⁵*Boston Transcript*, August 22, 1918.

³⁶*Congressional Record*, 66th Cong., 2nd Sess., 10,087.

³⁷Dent did not face strong opposition in his home district until the election of 1920.

by a Republican majority, and Dent's old foe Julius Kahn became the new chairman of the military affairs committee. While the change assured a more favorable hearing for army proponents, it signally failed to mark the end of Dent's influence on military policy.

In August of 1919 a War Department bill providing for a peacetime army of 500,000 men and a program of universal military training was introduced in the Senate. The bill had been prepared under the strict supervision of General Peyton C. March, Army Chief of Staff, and although its preparation had been rushed and Pershing's headquarters in France not even consulted, it supposedly was based on the lessons of the war.³⁸ The bill was approved by Secretary Baker and by President Wilson. On its introduction the bill aroused the immediate opposition of the National Guard Association, and, predictably, of the "little army" men in House and Senate.³⁹ The House military affairs committee tentatively cut March's 500,000 man army to 250,000, and stalled entirely on the volatile issue of peacetime military training.⁴⁰

The Senate military affairs committee, under the strong leadership of James W. Wadsworth, adopted a committee bill providing for universal military training and readied the measure for Senate debate and action.⁴¹ Once again, as in 1917, military questions split party lines. President Wilson supported the Wadsworth bill, a Republican sponsored measure, although a probable majority of Democrats opposed the bill. But both parties were testing their positions against their fears and hopes for the election of 1920.

In this atmosphere the House Democrats seized the initiative and their action caused a reverberation of shocks in both parties. Planned by Dent and Kitchin, a House Democratic

³⁸Frederick W. Brogdon, "The War Department's Role in the Army Reorganization of 1920" (Unpublished masters thesis, Georgia Southern College, 1968).

³⁹See Derthick, "Militia Lobby."

⁴⁰New York Times, June 12, 1919; *Congressional Record*, 66th Cong., 1st Sess., 8,572.

⁴¹General John McAuley Palmer, *America in Arms; The Experience of the United States with Military Organization* (New Haven, 1941), 168-169.

caucus was called for February 9, 1920.⁴² When the caucus convened both men argued strongly for the party advantage to be gained in repudiating compulsory training, and forcing the Republicans to go before the voters as the party of peacetime conscription. If any member of the caucus initially missed the point that he was being asked to repudiate his own President his eyes were quickly opened. The opposition to the move by Kitchin and Dent was led by Representative Charles P. Caldwell of New York. Caldwell read a letter from Wilson advising the caucus that it would be "unfortunate to make a party issue" on compulsory training, and that such a policy "may have the highest possible advantages."⁴³ The issue was squarely joined, and the answer of the caucus was definitive: by a vote of 106 to 17 a resolution was adopted against compulsory training or service. In the problematical task of opposing presidents Dent had now evened the score.⁴⁴

The action of the Democratic caucus was a decisive blow on military policy. In the House, the Republican steering committee decided to kill the issue of compulsory training by consigning it to further investigation. In the Senate even the redoubtable Wadsworth finally dropped the training provisions from his bill.⁴⁵ The "little army" men had triumphed, their fears of an all-powerful army were banished, the traditional values had been upheld.

But at this moment of victory for the "little army" men, Dent was defeated for reelection. His opponents charged that he had done nothing to protect white soldiers from the indignity and humiliation of having to recognize Negroes as superior officers, that he had allowed sick white soldiers to be bedded near Negroes in hospitals, and that he had been responsible for the appointment of Emmett Scott of Tuskegee as Third Assist-

⁴²New York *Times*, January 30, February 6, 1920.

⁴³*Ibid.*, February 10, 1920. The complete text of Wilson's letter, dated February 7, 1920, is given here.

⁴⁴*Ibid.*; Washington *Post*, February 10, 1920.

⁴⁵New York *Times*, February 11, 1920; *Congressional Record*, 66th Cong., 2nd Sess., 2,837; Palmer, *America in Arms*, 179.

ant Secretary of War. Dent's congressional career was at an end.⁴⁶

Stanley Hubert Dent was a most conservative man. The product of place and position, the beneficiary of favor and influence, he led no battles against the *status quo*, he sought no changes in American structure or process. If he eschewed the racial rantings of some of his Southern colleagues, he did so from the patrician's stance of patronage and tutelage to his inferiors. But in matters of military policy Dent often found himself in alliance with social crusaders, labor unions, and advanced progressives. The motives and ideologies that led these groups to common ground were diverse. Yet all shared a fear of military power either as a coercive agent of growing federal authority, or for its effect and influence on the individual.

In the United States the First World War called forth a degree of central planning and authority never experienced before. It ran roughshod over old relationships and old values; it justified all power and all authority by the necessity for total war. And in so doing it violated the basic premises of the "little army" men, it challenged their fundamental beliefs on the relationship between the individual and his government. For Dent and his colleagues the obligations of citizenship must be freely given if their vigor was to be maintained. When obligation was demanded it lost its vitality. If long pursued, coercion would destroy the free man and his free society, it would lead to the vicious duality of protecting freedom by the methods of dictatorship.⁴⁷ The Southern conservative of 1917 might be appalled by most facets of our contemporary scene, but he would share the mounting apprehension of military power that marks our day.

⁴⁶Dent's major opponent was John Russell Tyson of Montgomery who had sat as chief justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. For the election see *Montgomery Journal*, April 7, 18, 30, 1920; *Mobile Register*, May 15, 1920. Tyson was elected with a plurality of 3,508 votes.

⁴⁷On this point see B. H. Liddell Hart, *Why Don't We Learn From History?* (London, 1944), 25.

JOURNEY TO TEXAS, 1854: THE DIARY OF ROBERT SEABORN JEMISON OF TALLADEGA*

by

Hugh D. Reagan

In the two decades prior to the Civil War Texas acted as a magnet drawing hundreds of settlers from other regions, especially from the south-eastern United States. The independence of Texas in 1836 made it far more attractive to new settlers.

Among those who became interested in Texas in the 1850s was Robert Seaborn Jemison of Talladega, Alabama. Born in Perry County, Alabama, January 15, 1824, he was the second son of Robert Jemison III of Lincoln County, Georgia, and Margaret (Peggy) Mims Jemison of Twiggs County, Georgia. Around 1821, Robert Jemison III moved from Lincoln County, Georgia, and purchased land in Perry County, Alabama, which was formerly a part of the recently acquired Choctaw Territory. When the Creek Territory was opened to settlement, he sold his holdings in Perry County and purchased two Indian villages, Choccolocco and Cheaha, located in present-day Talladega County. He settled in the forks of these creeks and built a spacious home.

It was here that Robert Seaborn Jemison was reared. He was educated under the tutelage of William L. Lewis who lived in the home, and at LaGrange Methodist College near Florence, Alabama, the first college to receive a charter in Alabama.

Robert no doubt inherited the Scotch-Irish love for land and the migratory urge of his father and grandfather. When the newspapers became full of fabulous stories of opportunities to be found in the new state of Texas, he could not resist the temptation to see for himself. Thus Robert, his brother Shadrach (Shack) Mims, Carter Edmunds and David Hamilton Remson, neighbors and boyhood friends decided to make a scouting trip to Texas to look over the land and explore the possibilities of moving there.

*Robert Seaborn Jemison is the great-grandfather of Miss E. Grace Jemison and Mrs. Lucretia Hutton of Talladega, Alabama. This diary is used with their permission.

Robert kept a journal of the trip which provides many interesting comments about the people, the topography, climate, and farming possibilities of the parts of Texas this group traveled through. Though this trip ended unsuccessfully, the migrating spirit still remained. In 1856, Robert and his youngest brother, Albert Sevier went to Texas and took an option on some land and made arrangements to move there. Robert purchased a league of land in Anderson and Navarro counties. Due to bad health as partially revealed in the diary he could not enlist in the Confederate Army. He died in January, 1868, and is buried in a Methodist cemetery in Wadesville, Texas.

Robert left a family of two married daughters, a young son, and two small daughters. His son and his two sons-in-law died a few years after his death. The slaves had been freed and scattered, and the three widows with small children moved back to Talladega to be near relatives, abandoning the farms in Texas. They sold a small farm at great sacrifice but never heard anything further about the other lands.

The journal begins with the departure of the group from Talladega by stagecoach on April 1, 1854:

Myself-Remson-Shack and Carter Edmunds left home for Texas on the 1st day of April 2 oclock p.m. on Powels line of stages for Montgomery. Left Talladega Village 3 oclock as nigh with a coach full of passengers—had quite a pleasant trip to Montgomery except being slightly crowded—had the pleasure of Miss Eva Cowles company as far as Wetumpka Ala which conduced greatly to the amsuement and pleasure of our party—gave her the parting hand on Sunday evening the 2nd *greatly* to our regret and the loss of many tears from _____ arrived in Montgomery 7 o'clock, took a drink and supper met with several old friends & then retired for the night. Arose early much refreshed. Flew Round the city—called on one or two female friends and at 8 oclock on the 3rd Went aboard the steamer Messenger¹ for Mobile—at which Port we landed on Wednesday the 5th had quite a pleasant time—saw ten Ali-

¹The *Messenger* was a fast running, double-engine, passenger steamer which made regular weekly trips between Mobile and Montgomery. Mell A. Frazer *Early History of Steamboats in Alabama*, Alabama Polytechnic Institute Historical Studies, 1907, 30-31.

gators & various curiosities on the Ala River. Remained in Mobile until Thursday the 6th one oclock p.m.—Met a great many acquaintances at our Hotel (Battle House) attended a very poor Theatrical performance on the night of the 5th—Left for Orleans on the Steamer Oregon and after Eighteen hours delightful Run on a calm bay & choice vessel landed at the Crescent—hired a cab and made for the Charles Morgan bound for Galveston Texas—desired much to spend a day or so in Orleans—But found It would be five days before another steamer would leave for Galveston Port—concluded to Part—saw but little of Orleans merely passed through enough however to discover that It was one busy scene—Hacks-Cabs-omnibusses Running in every direction and more people than one could imagine. Voyage across the Gulf Mexico verry pleasant out sight of land for two days & one night. landed In Galveston Saturday night the 8th Inst—left the Steamer Immediately & went up to the Tremont House where we remained until Monday evening 10th. Found Galveston decidely a full town. No. from six to eight thousand Inhabitants. The location is a beautiful one and the most convenient Port on this Gulf The People are kind-communicative and disposed to extend every courtesy to a stranger—attended Episcopal church on Sabbath Morn—Rode out on the Beach in the afternoon—the most glorious sight in the world and no mistakes We left there on the 10th for Houston on the steamer Neptune, a crazy old craft but landed us safe on the morning of the 11th from Whince We took passage on Browns line of oposition stages for Austin on the 12th. That day passed through perhaps the poorest prarie in Texas & made the slowest time—in consequence of bad roads full coach & C. Saw nothing to disturb the monotony of a tedius trip—except an occasional Buck grazing & large droves of cattle—Brown Hens & cat which the boyes took a crack or so.

April 13th Left Brenham the Court of Washington County traveled westward on Browns Pioneer line of coaches through a most delightful beautiful country—Mostly Rolling prarie—watered by limpid creeks abounding with fish. I am writing this seated on a rock on Cedar house branch one of the tributaries of Mill creek. The praries are full of the *fattest sleekest cattle* I ever saw & thousands of Mustang Ponies tamed. And they are one eternal flower garden. The grass about knee high and as

green can be. It is called Labarder Praire.² about four oclock we struck the Poast oak lands of Washington. the prettiest and levellest country I ever saw, but not productive, being rather sandy. The grass is as fine in the praire and cattle are scattered all over it. No one settled in this region except a few herds-men. Late in the evening struck a better prospect in the way of settlements & C. Staid all night with a Mr. McFadden³ who we found clever, the owner of an excellent wife and father of two pretty girls. The old lady gave us good eating & fine butter milk. This is the most accomodating line of coaches I ever saw. Stop for the passengers for short stay & C.

April 14 Here we are on the Banks of the Colorado seated under the shades of a cotton tree. We landed in this place Bastrop—Bastrop County ten minutes ago. We have traveled today through a variety of lands & scenry. This morning for a few hours the lands were Prarie & Rich. The ballance of the time through a broken uninhabited section except by herds of cattle & Deer of the latter we have seen about two hundred. Dave & Carter have shot several times but got no game, of the latter It would be Impossible to compute. Turkey in abundance for a mile or so back the country has been Rocky-growth pine. Now we are just entering the Rich lands of the Colorado & from what we see from this point I presume they are Rich sure enough. Town of Bastrop a Beautiful little place, Population I suppose two thousand. Greatest objection inconvenience to market. Haul cotton to Houston 180 miles at a cost of seven Dollars & 50 cents per Bag.

April 15th Traveled through a good deal of very poor sandy broken country and some that was just good enough. Wherever you find the latter you find a scarcity of water-good water we have not met up with in Texas so far. In some places there is plenty but of very indifferent quality. Landed in Austin the

²This area exists just west of Brenham, Texas. The area is in some manner related to the La Bahia Trail. An 1841 map in the possession of Mrs. Bess H. Habekottle of Brenham, Texas, shows the spelling, "Labiard Road." Today this prairie area is termed, "La Bahia." Letter of Mrs. Bess H. Habekottle, chairman, Washington County Historical Survey Committee, September 20, 1966, to editor.

³Identification of many of the names mentioned in this diary proved impossible. When possible individuals will be identified by footnote.

capitol of the state 3 oclock this afternoon⁴—have walked Round a little—find It a pleasant thrifty place containg a few fine houses—built chiefly of unburnt Brick & some of stone. The capitol fronts Main street—very much after the style of the Ala State house. Think they must have patterned after Ala—Most of the buildings & fences through the section we have passed are built of cedar. This closes our staging If we can buy Ponies or Horses and God knows I am glad of It. If our poor bones have not been well shaken for the last five days I am mistaken. I hear a lady playing on the Piano the first since leaving home & oh! how Refreshing & astounding.

April 16th Lay over in Austin—Wrote a letter to Eva Cowles in the morning—attended preaching at the Episcopal church—sermon delivered by Rev. Fontaine.⁵ Went up to Capitol Hill in the evening in Company with Frank Thompson⁶—spent the evening verry pleasantly—Ate supper—conversed an hour or so & retired to bed—Slept but little on account of Bed Bugs of which Texas seems to be infested.

April 17th In Austin Still-trying to buy horses. Shack and I have succeeded—Remps & Carter bargained. Horses are scarce & long prices. Rode out in the evening one Mile to where the Soldiers are Stationed pro tempore at Gen. Hameys the prettiest place I ever saw—Herd the Military Band perform. Music fine—play every evening from one hour by Sun until Sun down. On the occasion kindly furnished a horse by Capt. Conner & accompanied by him—Shack Dave Top of Mississippi & others. The United States officers are all in Austin at this time attending Court Marshall. They make quite a display—saw Col May—Rough huge looking.

April 18th Still in Austin—too unwell to travel—Sevear headache & high fever—Lay up all day. Remps & Carter have horses

⁴For a more detailed description of Austin in 1854 see F. L. Olmsted, *A Journey Through Texas* (New York, 1857), 109-15.

⁵This was probably Edward Fontaine who served as rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Austin at this time. Walter P. Webb, ed., *The Handbook of Texas* (Austin, 1952), I, 615.

⁶Probably related to Wells Thompson who migrated to Texas from Marengo County, Alabama, in the early 1840's. Webb, *The Handbook of Texas*, II, 775.

and I guess if Robin⁷ is able to travel, we will be off for San Antonio. This is a dark day nothing of Interest to Note.

April 19 Dolph Wears⁸ 12 miles west of Austin—Man Shac Springs⁹—Stamped¹⁰—for the night—quite unwell—considerable fever & headache¹¹—unable to go farther. This is truly a delightful place—fine large spring bursting out from a beautiful eminence on which the house is built—beautiful water oak grove in the midst of a large open Prarie covered with Green grass that waves gracefully to the constant Breeze—the wind blows out here all the time except at Night—Whilst our ponies were staked Daves got loose & he had a sweet Rapid ride for five miles. Succeeded Running him down and Lassoing him. This section is all Prarie some poor & and some rich—Much better water than that back of us—badly timbered.

April 20th Remained at Manchac Springs Recruiting¹² until two oclock in the evening—Much improved. Changed our Notion as to direction concluded to go to Lockheart Cladwell county 25 miles East & from there to San Antonio. Struck out head & tale up for that point—got lost in what seemed to us an Interminable prarie could find no Road—finally met up with a Negro boy engaged in herding cattle—paid him 50 cts to show us a Road—After carrying us about Eight Miles we struck a Road which we took—going in a Northerly direction for four Miles found a Road crossing at Right Angels the one we were in—took the end leading in an Easterly direction—traveled until 11 oclock in the night not knowing whether right or wrong—came to a little Ranche the first habitation that had greeted or seen since leaving Manchack. It was truly an Oasis in the Desert—We got consent to decamp for the night. Staked our Ponies for the ballance of the night—Rousted the lady—got supper & laid us down to sleep praying the good Lord our souls

⁷Evidently this is the nickname of the diary's author—Robert S. Jemison. The diary entry for May 2, confirms this.

⁸Dolph Wears (Ware) was a distant cousin of Robert S. Jemison.

⁹Manchaca Spring, on Onion Creek in southern Travis County.

¹⁰"Stamped" is probably used here to indicate that the party hurriedly made camp for the night.

¹¹Robert suffered for several days with malaria.

¹²"Recruiting" is used here to indicate "recovery" from malaria.

to keep—arose from our Blankets 21st Much Refreshed—ate breakfast doned our saddles—mounted our mustangs and struck a strait shirtail for Lockheart—Where we landed in about one hour It being only three miles—Staid there until late in the evening—looked Round at the fine Springs which are very numerous & the only thing about the place worth noting—They are bold & large, but the water warm & strongly Impregnated with Rotten lime as is all the water through this section. Lockheart is situate in a wooded prarie & at this season is a very pleasant villa. Some good houses & some very inferior—herd there of a neighborhood six miles east composed chiefly of Talladegians—The Gillerlands—Sims—Carpenters—Jim Long & others. Concluded to go on and see them—I and Carter stoped with Black Gillerland. Shack & Dave went over to Carpenters where they now are—We are looking for them—don't know what will be our next move.

April 22 Dave & Shack have joined us. We all agree on having spent a pleasant night with old acquaintances. Stoped with them until after dinner—partook freely of their glorious Repast—enjoyed mightily their Conversation & after many Regrets on both sides took our leave for Lockheart once more—where we arrive sometime before night—Stoped at the Union house—got the best fare & lodging we have had in Texas. On consequence of which Lockheart looks much better & more inviting than as we went on to the Talladega settlement. My health is much improved—In fact I think I may safely note a Recovery—Our friends are living in Rather a poor section (Sandy Poast Oak) at which we expressed Some Surprise—but they say they can make five times as much as they did in Ala the water they use is horid.

April 23 Left Lockheart enroute for San Antonio—passed through some of the most delightful Country I have seen in Texas. Rich Hog Wallop Prarie—stoped on the banks of the Blanco for dinner—one of the prettiest streams I ever saw in any country—I unharnessed and was meself that bathed my Wearied limbs in Its cooling waters—one mile from the Blanco we crossed the San Marcos River equal in beauty to the former—on Its banks is located the town of San Marcos the County site of Hays Co. from that place our Road Runs along in a South Westerly direction

at the base of the Mountains—on our left is an eternal prairie—Mountains on the Right—Making It one of the Most Romantic Countries I ever saw—The Dutch¹³ are settled every 1/2 mile on the Roads lands productive—Staid at Crawfords all night the filthiest people & place in the World—to look at the landlady—much less eat is enough to make a dog Puke—though none of us did. We are hardened—We ought to be.

April 24th Traveled today a distance of 38 miles—partly through Guadeloupe & Comal counties—Crossing the Guadeloupe River a beautiful stream at New Bransfels and on the San Antonio—where we arrived a little after dark & put up at the Plaza house—the best in the place as we are informed—passed in the vicinity of Bransfels a delightful country—but the whole population is Dutch or chiefly so. Lands are very high—asking from five to 20 dollars per acre. That is the case generally in the Inhabited portions of the State. Attended Old Joe Sweeneys Negro concert to night—highly entertained with the performances—particularly Ol Joes—Not many ladies out but a host of Men—Great Scarcity of timber in these parts—Country pretty—but Monotonous. Water scarce except Rivers & they are some distance a part. More tomorrow.

April 25 Spent the fore noon resting—after dinner hired a Buggy and driver that was acquainted with the Town (San Antonio) and Rode all Round the City—taking in the Range of Ride—the San Pe—dro Springs one mile and a half from town decidedly a grand Spring and quite large. San Antonio is decidely a peculiar place taking into consideration the variety of popultion—queerness of buildings, amusements & C.—Population American-Dutch & Spanish-buildings many of them resembling Indian huts covered with straw—other cottage style & some after the usual order. Many of the most beautiful Residences & grounds I ever saw. In fact as to beauty & pleasantness San Antonio is unsurpassed. The River of Same name heading all Round & Running through the town in a serpentine form adapting itself fully to the wants of the place—a mill being situate thereon—Bath houses & C.—Tonight we—the boyes attended Joe Sweneys concert again—after which we hired an

¹³Germans who settled in this part of Texas.

Avalanche¹⁴ 11 oclock & attended in co with J. Brown & Sweney a Mexican Flandango—the Richest thing out in the way of dancing—We pitched in too—and the fun oh Lordy—This is as far as I dare go.

San Antonio

April 26th More & more am I delighted with the novelty this place. This morning Rode out in Company with J. Brown (who formerly drove on the lower end of Powells Rode into Wetumpka) six miles South of town to the old Mexican San Hozie Mission—we spent several hours *most* pleasantly Indeed—viewing and prying into the Ruins of that ancient & one magnificent building—It is truly a great curiosity as well as worthy specimin of ancient architecture the material of which it is built is rock and mortar entire floors, Roof and everything except doors—around the latter is some of the finest sculptor work I ever saw. It is fast going to decay In consequence of neglect though It will stand as a monument for many a long year to come. Several Mexican families live near by & one family occupy a Room in the Mission though they take no sort of care of the buildings or grounds around it. It was built in the year 1781 as I learn from building dates Carved in the Rock. I would advise every one visiting San Antonio not to leave without giving that venerable building a call—It will pay any one well for the trouble—I would also advise anyone desirous of seeing the curious not to come to Texas & leave without visiting San Antonio. The country Round about is delightful Indeed & particularly so above the old Mission—This evening visited the Amamo and stood on the ground where the brave & Gallant Crockett with others lost their lives. Saw old Davies name cut on the wall in the Room where he fell—Said to be done by himself after he was wounded. I felt strange Indeed while standing on that consecrated spot & revolving in my mind the scenes that were enacted then—Confound It how my blood boiled & as quickly cooled leaving a very strange sensation. The Alamo is very much after the order of the Mission. In fact It is one though now used to keep stores & munitions for the United States army. It is on the

¹⁴“Avalanche” a Texas corruption of the French “ambulance,” a spring wagon was already before the Civil War much used in Texas and other frontier territories. Mitford M. Mathews, ed., *A Dictionary of Americanisms on Historical Principles*, (Chicago, 1951), I, 53.

east bend of the River about half mile from the Plaza or Square. This whole country is a chapparell Interspersed with large Pecon trees—a few, very few live oaks & an occasional large Muskeet tree—After leaving the Alamo Rode out four miles to the head of the San Antonio River—talk about your springs but here are some of the finest I ever saw & you know I have seen some good ones—got back to town in the night ate supper & am now writing—am done thank goodness.

April 27th Forgot on last page to note that at the head of the Spring is Gen Worths¹⁵ grave & a few others — near the Alamo are deposited the ashes of Crockett — Gillespie & others of that noble band. I also visited the Prison & saw several Lapan Indians — One of the chiefs his wife and daughter 13 years old — this party were brought in by the soldiers who were out in search of those who committed Recent depredations on the frontier. These are known or believed to be accessory to the crime or to have some knowledge of It — This morning 9 oclock left San Antonio in a South Easterly direction for Seguin — 64 miles distant from San Antonio — We are now nooning It under a hack Berry tree — Dave & Carter sleeping — Shack Whittling & Grumbling at the lameness of his horse — has sent a boy off one mile for a fellow to swap horses with. I predict If they trade Shack will get bit — Country that we have passed over this morning Resembling that in the Immediate vicinity of San Antonio — except a scarcity of Water — This whole country is pretty much alike — Timber powerful scarce & most places Water too.

Rode only five miles this evening in consequence of Shacks horse being too lame to travel faster. Passed over a Rich live oak Prarie mostly hog wallow and came to Mr. Perryman a thrifty farmer on the banks of the Cibola a very pretty Stream. Mr. Perryman has the best corn—prettiest farm—coldest Spring Water & lives more like a white man than anyone I have seen in Texas — he has been offered 15 dollars per acre for his lands. 11 hundred acres. The lands I mentioned above unimproved an worth Mr. P tells me 3 dollars per acre — I don't wish Shack any harm but I am almost tempted to wish that his horse will

¹⁵See Edward S. Wallace, "General William Jenkins Worth and Texas," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, LIV (October, 1950), 159-68.

be unable to travel tomorrow. I would like amazingly to lay by a day or so here — lots of fish in the creek & I reckon we have seen one hundred deer to day — this morning Dave took a Crack, this evening Carter, no game.

28th April

Left Mr. Perryman in Guadeloupe County & traveled on to Seguin in County Seat of same county to diner Crossing the Guadeloupe 15 miles below where we crossed It going out to San Antonio. Lands through here are Somewhat a different character on the Road leading direct from Austin to San Antonio having Rather more sand in them & not so much Hog wallow — as to timber & water verry little difference. At this place I am informed there are a good many Springs. But I tell you It is a long time in this country between streams. Whenever there is water they build up little towers — Shacks horse still lame — having his foot examined here & shod — don't know whether we will get off this evening or not — Dave & Carter are sleeping. Shacks horse being too lame to travel. We are spending the evening & night here. I had a light chill this evening—fever & severe headache. Stiff northern been blowing all day—The boyes say this (Seguin) is a pretty little place. Robin too sick to examine.

April 29th Leaving Seguin this Morning 6½ oclock & traveling a North easterly direction to this point—near Prarie Lee. Under a large oake where we are nooning it. Our ponies staked our appetites gratified to some extent & our Blankets spread We design taking a Nap — from Seguin here — Most of the rout is through a poor-high-graveley poast oak country on the San Marcos River one mile back the land is verry Rich & well timbered — from the River on this side We are Merging into an open Prarie—No settlements or Water from Seguin to Prarie Lee a distance of Eighteen Miles. We will get back to Lockheart tonight no accident befalling us. We are compelled to go back there in order to see the Northern Counties that We design visiting — Shacks horse much better though Daves Pony slightly ailing — I feel better to day though my time of day for chill is not at hand quite. Arrived in Lockheart in time for Supper — but being unwell could not enjoy the viands of our tasty land.

lady. The Record this evening from noon layes over a broken prarie the most so of any I have in Texas. We have concluded to go through 30 miles from here Sell our Ponies & buy some sort of a waggon.

April 30th Well to day We landed in Austin again—from Lockheart here It is certainly the Most dreary — desolate — disagreeable — monotonous countries I ever saw — being one everlasting prarie for a few miles after leavin Lockheart. You see an occasional Muskeet tree—Resembling a verry old peach tree—then see neither trees or water until you get to Onion Creek withing six miles of Austin. Onion is a verry pretty little stream winding Its way through that Immense prarie & It has some good land on It — though I presume that the timbered land on It overflowd — the land through that large prarie is generally verry Rich as is most of the lands we have seen — but great goodness What does that avail When you cant get timber to enclose a farm I wish you could see some of the fences in Texas — three feet high & of all the shapes — Many farmers here hall cedar poles from ten to twenty miles at a cost of from ten to twnety dollars a hundred — wherever you find Well timbered lands on the Rivers & Creeks they Rate high this dollar & a half & three dollars per acre land by the time you Improve It costs all of from 15 to 25 dollars per acre. I have had a high fever all day and traveling is verry disagreeable. I thought several times that I would not hold out to get to Austin but here I am — We have concluded to trade our Ponies for a Waggon or sell out & take the stage — that conclusion is what brought us back to this point. It being the most convenient to make such arrangements.

May 1st Have been confined to my Room all day with a hot faver — the boyes have been flying Round trying to affect a trade but have not succeeded yet in doing anything. I am getting willing to start home as are all the crowd — We would like to visit eastern & northern Texas but we have to labor under too many disadvantages.

May 2nd Still quite sick—Called in a Physician (Dr. Litten) who has dosed me pretty heavily to day—thinks I will be well or clear of disease in a few days—Sayes that my system has been

preparing some time for a severe *attack* of fever & is just on the point of developing Itself—how sick I have been today from the Influence of disease & medicine no one can concieve except him who has passed through a similar ordeal. My Dr. is a glorious little fellow—the boyes kind & attentive & Capt. Cleavelands family with whom we board just as accomodating as can be—all of which combined adds no little to my feelings If It fails to alleviate pain—I think Robin will Rise with It yet at least I hope so & I am far from dispairing.

May 3rd Flat on my back still—Grunting—Groaning—puking and purging. The Dr sayes my symptoms are favorable for a Recovery—but I tell you little ones—white folks and all Robin feels awfull bad—Indeed he does. My head feels as though a Waggon & team was passing through It constantly & as If it was as brainless as a *Soft Gourd*—but I am taking quinine which accounts for It. If I could only hear from my *dear* family—Methinks I could bear up much better under the weight of my afflictions—Not one word have I herd since leaving home—Nor can I promise or flatter myself that I will hear—short of my arrival home. The kindness & patience of Shack & Carter I can never forget or fully repay.

May 4th Not much change to note in the state of my feelings or case. I think I am slightly better — fever giving way & somewhat clearer the Influence of Medicine to day — The Dr is rather letting me rest at least from Strong drugs & of course I feel much easier — though I am powerful on being weak. My little Dr. is skillful & I have every confidence in his bringing me out — he sayes he will & every appearance in my case so far as I can judge proves so. I am comfortably situated & get every attention & delicacy that a sick man could desire — except good water — I use cistern — the best in the place but it fails to satiate my thirst.

May 5th Today thank Goodness I am able to not some Improvement in My case. Dr. Litten sayes I am decidedly better—I can sit up rite smart but oh! how weak. If I could quit thinking so much about my family — home and friends I think my recovery would be more Speedy — but that is impossible. My Room joins the Parlor & the young ladies play frequently on the Piano at

my Request — which to Some extent destroys the Monotony of a Sick Room & chases “dull care away.” The girls are pretty entertaining — In fact catching — play finely on the Piano & Guittar & Sing like Nightengales I call for Lilla Dale every day — God bless the Women, Sick or well they are my gardian angels.

May 6th On Rising ground in the general—every day or so the Dr. gives me a dose of drugs that pops me pretty heavily—but after the affects are over I always feel better—All I desire now is just to gain strength sufficient to start home and be blest with a continuence sufficient to enable me to Reach that *Glorious* port. The boyes are as patient as lambs & as kind as heart can desire all of Which tends greatly to my Recovery and Increases the Weight of obligations which is already heavy—Remps is low down—calls in but seldom & payes but little attention to me—he is thoroughly home sick & I wish he was there. Carter sold his horse at Auction—loss 20 dollars.

May 7th Don't feel altogether so well today but presume my feelings are merely temporary — the Dr says It is more the state of my mind than disease. Remps could stand it no longer & left us today for home all alone — joy go with him & good luck attend him. Coming over the Gulf he is the boy what called the crowd around him & made the following proposition “We are liable to take sick — no telling which first & I want the crowd not one member to forsake in any case No matter what comes, If we are detained six months with a sick member. We started together & If we are spared our lives Will return together” Where is Dave his promises and propositions? I have met many such in my short career, I love to find them out.

May 8th Felt somewhat stronger today—have set up & crept round the Room a little—I am not able Really to walk at all but—my desire to get well & off home armes me with Supernatural strength. I fear however my *great* eagerness on the subject will cause Me to overdo the mark. The boyes keep in fine spirits and that bowies me up no little—their daily employment is waiting on me—bringing me cystern water & C. Their chief amusement playing Back Gammon over which they laugh & make as merry as though were at home and every thing Right—We have

a host of Strangers coming in every day from the States though It has been our fortune to meet up with but few acquaintances. Top is here doing nothing as yet visits me every day & Whiles away a few hours—he is anxious to leave but I think is low in funds—he is a first Rate fellow.

May 9th Gradually & slowly Improving. Dr. Litten thinks I will be well enough to start by the 13th So as to Reach Galveston on the 17th and take a Steamer that leaves that port on that date for Orleans. God grant I say I shall never feel more thankful for anything I know — as the time approaches how anxious I grow — become more & more Impatient every moment. I have counted again & again every place the papering is torn or soiled in my Room — the brick Round the fire place — the Moulding on the Mantel — the Nails Round the Wall — the turns on my bed stead posts — no of vials, Bottles — In fact every thing in the Room — Court is in Session in town — the Court house about fifty yeards from my window & I amuse Myself at the hoarseness of the Sheriff bawling & Squalling for Witnesses & Jurors — their Running & C.

May 10th Still crawling up hill though It seems to be verry slowly — Shack procured a Buggy this morning & gave me a small Ride which Revived me much. I am walking about the house a little — have been in the Parlor & had a musical entertainment from the young ladies of the house & Miss Lucy Bolton to whom I had a knocking down — she is pretty affable and possesses all the traits that enoble & adorn the female character — She lives one mile and a half south of Austin—moved from Missouri. I shall not forget Miss Lucy Soon. I am certain I made a favorable Impression as I learn from My Dr who has a patient at her house that she enquires particularly after me every day. It does me lots of good — once more God bless the Women.

May 11th Dr Litten rode me out in his Buggy this morning showing me many beautiful Residences & building situations in the vicinity of Austin & out to Shoal creek one mile $\frac{1}{2}$ north of town where I saw the sublime and awful in the Way of precipices & deep yawning Gulfs. I have never Witnessed such Bluffs on so small a stream & in such a level Country — on the banks of

the little Stream we gathered quite a variety of choice & Rare flowers — of which I made a beautiful Boquet & have It in my Room at this time—the Ride helped me very much. In the evening I & Shack took a Ride but we went Rather too far & I was some what fatigued. Tonight the Dr gave me pills & tomorrow I expect not to feel so well — at least during their action.

May 12th Shure enough as I predicted I have felt badly all day—but I think I am done With drugs for the present at least. This has been a gloomy—cloudy day—consequently I have kept My Room closely. It is near Sun down and old Sol is *blushingly* showing his Smiling face. Shack has not sold his horse but thinks of offering him tomorrow at Auction. Tomorrow night is the time set apart for our starting. But I fear we will have to Wait a day or so longer—I am almost afraid to undertake—
anxious as I am to get home.

May 13th feel much better & think am Improving Rapidly. This was the day set apart for our departure home — but the Dr thinks I have hardly strength sufficient to stand the fatigue Incident to stage Riding. So we have concluded to wait until Tuesday Morning — how slow time passes — every minute is as an hour — every hour — a day — but be patient Robin. This evening by the kind Invitation of Gen Hamilton¹⁶ who sent in his carriage Carter & I have gone out to his Residence to Remain until time of starting. Shack would not accompanie us — the Gen has an exceeding pleasant & Romantic Residence two miles east of Austin & lives at home I asshure you. Mrs. H. is a lovely little Woman. She takes great pleasure in alleviating the wants of the afflicted — I have Improved at least 100 per cent out here already — the mere Idea of being in the country & getting Butter Milk & clabber & attentions of a kind lady is salutary.

May 14th Have spent this day pleasantly Indeed. My health is Improving Rapidly—under the Supervision & care of Mrs. Hamilton one could but be hastily Restored. Oh! but she is

¹⁶Andrew Jackson Hamilton was born in Huntsville, Alabama in 1815, and was admitted to the bar in Talladega, Alabama in 1841. A few years later he went to Texas. Webb, *The Handbook of Texas*, I, 759.

a charming little Woman. Does every thing to contribute to ones comfort — May her dayes be many & happy & when she closes her mortal Career may her spirit be wafted to the heaven of eternal Repose — the land of Immortality — there to sing anthems of prase for ever to that God who takes care of all such soules God bless her & dear children — In the evening Gen. H. — Carter and myself Rode out into the prarie with a Grey hound & had two delightful chases after the Mule Eared Rabit of Texas a very large species & more fleet than our foxes — Rarely ever caught.

May 15th Remained out at Gen Hamiltons until late this evening—When Mrs. H. carried me into town in her Carriage—all the fore noon God bless her—She was engaged gathering Specimens of Gravel & Cactus for my wife. If any Woman ever gets to heaven & occupies a lofty seat on the throne at Gods Right hand It will be that *blessed* little woman—at 12 oclock tonight We mounted the Mail coach for Houston—once more thank goodness on the Route home—If I had been well I should certainly have got tite from over joy—No It would not have done to drown Such pure—unsophisticated joy in the Bowl. I feel as though I could go through any sort of fatigue yea anything—the furnace to get home. The prospect cheers boyes for old Talladega and the loved ones at home—here goes—Huza—Huza—Huza for Talladega.

May 16th Stood the jolting of the Stage and Rocking over the Hog Wallow prarie much better than I expected — our Rode Runs in quite a different direction than in going out. We came down the Colorado River a distance of Sixty five miles to Lagrange the county site of Fayette County — the lands are exceedingly Rich & productive & better timbered than any portion of the West through which we have passed there being (as If designed by nature) a Skirt of Well timbered post oak between the praries — beside the timber on the River the two supplying a bountiful supply of timer for farming purposes — the oak lands & poor & unproductive — affording (however) a fine Range. Lagrange is a pleasant thriving little village situate on the banks of the Colorado which stream we have crossed three time today — got to L 1½ past six and lay over until 7 oclock the next morning — affording me ample time for

sleep — Rest & C. I think I shall make the trip with but little Inconvenience and no danger to my health

May 17th After leaving Lagrange passed through Rootersville & Round top in Same county — occasionally a good farm but generally uninteresting and I think poor flat and sickly country — prairie without foundation — of a quick sand nature — 16 miles east of Lagrange in the last described county came to our friend Seth Randals — he is well satisfied & says this country is productive and healthy but I would not believe the assertion from a Saint—have stood it finely all day and Reached Washington in Washington Co at six oclock this evening — a beautiful town on the Brazos River & of course in a Rich Country — I forgot to mention that we dined at Independence in Washington Co the Residence of Sam Houston & seat of learning for that portion of Texas — two full Schools one male & one female each numbering over one Hundred pupils — great attention is paid to education in Texas generally which surprises me no little the population being so Rough.

May 18th Left Washington 12 oclock last night “Anew our journey to persue” with a crowded stage—to this place only our crowd aboard which Rendered It quite pleasant. Our accessions are principally from Ala a jolly set of fellows If I mistake not their looks—Dr Wilson of Mont and Pierce his Brother in Law of Autauga—They are proud to join our party & the feeling I think Reciprocal on our parts though It crowds the Monkie a little for $\frac{1}{2}$ a night & one day—Reached Houston a little after dark somewhat *fatigued*—but after a Small drink of Ice & Brandy feel quite well—Another Alabamian joins us here Pinkard Esqr of Tuskegee who married Miss Cumages of Masonic Institute Memories. Stoped at Houston House—Will leave on the Neptune tomorrow 5 oclock p.m. a cheerful adieu to Texas staging.

May 19th Bellowed up to Galveston 1 oclock on the morning of the 20th after a terrible puffing & blowing for the last eight hours. Remained aboard until daylight & awoke to gaze upon the beautiful town of Galveston wrapt in Slumber. It is Indeed a *lovely* place look at It as you will—this & San Antonio are the places of Texas. If I were a young man nothing could keep me from one or the other of these places—the Inducements are

Indeed great & the Incentives to perseverance meet such a handsome Reward—I will state that the scenery on Buffalo Bio is delightful—Magnolio in abundance and In full bloom as fragrant as fragrant can be—San Jacinto Battle ground is on this Bio & in full view of the Boats Run—We passed It in the night going out consequently no notice taken of It—It is a picturesque spot.

May 20th In companie with our Ala friends hired a hack & Rode some ten miles on the Beach — they were perfectly carried away — We find them as predicted all sorts of clever jolly fellows — We gathered shells told a dozs of Anecdotes & Returned to the Citty — the atmosphere on our Rode laden with the perfume of flowers — the Island seems peculiarly adapted to the Culture of Shrubery of every kind — I have never seen anything so Rich & oderferous — the Beach I described before — unnecessary to Reiterate — Called on Several old acquaintance & others formed Whilst here In April. The Steamer Louisiana due for Orleans 3 on tomorrow evening — then here goes again.

May 21th The greater portion of this day have I spent at my Window (In third story of Tremont house) which commands a fine view of the Lake & Gulf Watching anxiously for the Steamer Louisiana the vessel we design taking passage on & which was due at this port this morning 8 oclock but from some cause failed to reach here until $1\frac{1}{2}$ past six this after Noon which throws us back one day — Hard indeed seems the fate which thus delays our onward & homeward course but perhaps It is a providential Interference designed to Result in our favor. I have no disposition to complain at or Controll that power so Superior & which alike governs us all & this has been a warm Sultry day In consequence of which I feel Rather languid and Indisposed — It seems to me that ten thousand church bells are Ringing tonight It being Sabbath. Bells are always an anoyance to me all denominations Reign here & the Bells all Ring at once — A part of the church service that Really I see no religion in & which in some extent could be dispensed with.

May 22th This morning at Eleven oclock our Steamer Louisiana cleared Galveston port & put to sea. In about two hours most of the crew — All the ladies with one or two exceptions commenced casting up accounts & such another heaving, puking & setting

to generally I never Saw — Many of the gentlemen appealed to their Brandy flasks as an antidote but no go. The Ala crowd six in no have all escaped so far. Mrs. Cox formerly of Ala now of Miss placed under my charge to New Orleans has been sick from the word go — She sayes “Nigh unto death.” I sent this evening to enquire after her & sent me word to come & write her will. We are “Bounding over the billows” at a brave gait — Weather fine wind favorable & home ahead. Rip Rave Old Boat & heavens “Ahoy!”

May 23th No accident has befallen us at yet—our crowd all Rite side up & in high Glee. As to Sea Sickness we may count ourselves pretty Safe being near the mouth of Miss River 12 hours Run of Orleans—Huza for old Ala. Let me see how does the song go “A life on the ocean wave a home on the Rooling deep” But I do not subscribe to those sentiments. Give me a quiet home In some secluded spot—away from the din and bustle of the world—a *nice little wife & four interesting children* such as I have & then Say what you will—that is the life for Robin. All I ask now is to be borne on the Wings of a Gull or Telegraphic Speed to their bosoms—We have a full score of children aboard in fact a mixed crew & crowded to Inconvenience—More Anon—

May 24th Arrived in New Orleans this morning 8 oclock to the great joy of the whole crew. No mistake but we had a Rough passage not only as Respected the Gulf but the “dad burned” old Boat had about 2 hundred head of cattle — a thing the passengers new nothing of until we had got out into the Gulf—or many would not have come—the stench was enough to sicken a monkey or Pole Cat. The last night out the Boat Rocked mightily I & thought once or twice Robin would have to give in and puke too. But no I toughed it out as did Carter & Shack & the other Ala Boyes. A vessel pitching over the waves reminded me more of a tall lady walking over Potatoe Ridges than anything I can think of at present — spent the fore noon with my brother-in-law Dowsing in looking at the Crescent — don’t fancy the Citty too much crowded & Filthy — at two dined at St. Charles & at half past 2 took the cars for Florida a lake steamer bound for Mobile — got aboard — procured fine State Rooms & at 4 were off. The Florida is the finest Boat I ever Saw & We are having a pleasant passage — Lake traveling is delightful — The travel at this Season is Immense.

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN'S "STOCKING A LAUGH"—
A HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED "FLUSH TIMES" SKETCH

by

L. Moody Simms, Jr.

In 1836, Joseph G. Baldwin (1815-1864) set out on horseback from his home near Winchester, Virginia, to make a career for himself as a lawyer in the Old Southwest.¹ He was attracted to that particular part of the frontier by "magnificent accounts" of "fussing, quarrelling, murdering, violation of contracts, and the whole catalogue of *crimen falsi*—in fine, of a flush tide of litigation in all of its departments, civil and criminal."² Lacking a formal education, Baldwin had prepared for the law by reading Blackstone's *Commentaries* with an uncle. Following his arrival in the Southwest, he practiced law first in DeKalb, Mississippi, and later in Gainesville, Livingston, and Mobile in Alabama. In 1844, he became a member of the Alabama legislature, but he was defeated in 1849 as a Whig candidate for the House of Representatives. Before he moved on to California in 1854, Baldwin was for some eighteen years a familiar figure, both as lawyer and politician, throughout the Old Southwest.

While riding the legal circuits of Alabama and Mississippi, Baldwin frequently recorded his impressions of the unusual men

¹Biographical and critical materials dealing with Baldwin can be found in H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1890), VII, 221-22, 233-34; T. B. Wetmore, "Joseph G. Baldwin," *Alabama Historical Society Transactions*, II (1897-1898), 67-73; S. A. Link, *Pioneers of Southern Literature* (Nashville, 1899, 1900), II, 486-504; George F. Mellen, "Joseph G. Baldwin and the 'Flush Times'," *Sewanee Review*, IX (April, 1901), 171-84; W. P. Trent, *Southern Writers* (New York, 1905), 266-67; George F. Mellen's sketch of Baldwin in *A Library of Southern Literature*, ed. Edwin A. Alderman et al. (Atlanta, 1908-1923), I, 175-81; William Braswell, "An Unpublished California Letter of Joseph Glover Baldwin," *American Literature*, II (November, 1930), 292-94; H. D. Farish, "An Overlooked Personality in Southern Life," *North Carolina Historical Review*, XII (October, 1935), 341-53; J. H. Nelson's sketch in *Dictionary of American Biography*, ed. Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone (New York, 1928-1944), I, 538-39; Eugene Current-Garcia, "Joseph Glover Baldwin: Humorist or Moralist?" *Alabama Review*, V (April, 1952), 122-41; Jay B. Hubbell, *The South in American Literature, 1607-1900* (Durham, N. C., 1954), 675-78.

²Joseph G. Baldwin, *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* (Americus, Ga., 1908 reissue), 47.

and scenes he observed in court rooms, offices, and taverns. Out of his experiences emerged his best-known book, a collection of humorous sketches—partly autobiographical, partly fictional—entitled *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* (New York, 1853).³ The purpose behind these sketches, Baldwin observed, was “to illustrate the periods, the characters, and the phases of society” in the Old Southwest.⁴ Baldwin thus considered himself an amateur social historian. Consequently, not only are all of the sketches in *Flush Times* brilliant in their descriptions of humorous situations, they are also frank in their exposure of shams and follies and faithful in their study of character. Uproariously received, they were among the first sketches of American life to depict frontier folk as they actually were and to poke fun at American speech and manners in a way at once sardonic and good natured.

Deservedly described by literary critics and commentators as a minor classic of American literature, *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* is comprised of twenty-six sketches. Seventeen of these pieces had first been published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* during a period between July, 1852, and September, 1853. The other nine sketches in *Flush Times* had not appeared previously in the pages of *SLM*; it is probable, however, that they had been published in an Alabama newspaper prior to October, 1853.⁵ *Flush Times* went to press immediately after Baldwin's pieces for the September, 1853, issue of *SLM* were available. Up until the book's publication, he had contributed *eighteen* “Flush Times”—type sketches to *SLM*. Yet interestingly enough, as noted above, he chose to collect only seventeen of these sketches.

The uncollected piece is “Stocking a Laugh” which appeared

³Twenty thousand copies are said to have been sold during the six months following publication. The book was reissued many times; but the reissues were only new printings, not new editions. See J. F. McDermott, “Baldwin's ‘Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi’—A Bibliographical Note,” *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XLV (3rd quarter, 1951), 251-56.

In 1855, Baldwin published *Party Leaders*, comprised of serious studies of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and John Randolph. This work attracted much less attention compared to *Flush Times*.

⁴Quoted in Thomas Daniel Young et. al., *The Literature of the South* (rev. ed., New York, 1968), 394.

⁵See McDermott, “Baldwin's ‘Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi’—A Bibliographical Note,” 255

in the January, 1853, issue of *SLM*. Subtitled "The Bench and Bar" and set during the 1840's, it recounts the efforts of a group of lawyers to suppress another lawyer, one Ransed Malony, a master of the art of quibbling and a specialist in long-winded and repetitious "demurrers as applied to a count on a promissory note."⁶ Baldwin's reasons for not reprinting this sketch in *Flush Times* are unclear. True, "Stocking a Laugh" has a good build-up but no real development—e.g., Ransed's legal maneuverings are effectively handled, but the taking down of Ransed by Jonathan Joy is merely reported—yet similar flaws exist in a number of reprinted pieces. And compared with those sketches which were collected, it certainly does not contain an excessive amount of legal jargon which might confuse the reader or obscure the story's humor.

On the contrary, "Stocking a Laugh" is fresh, highly readable, and the equal of many of the sketches that Baldwin included in *Flush Times*. It would seem useful, then, to students of the humorous literature of the Old Southwest to have the sketch in print again. The text below is based on that which appears in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, XIX (January, 1853), 10-12.

⁶[Joseph G. Baldwin], "Stocking a Laugh," *Southern Literary Messenger*, XIX (January, 1853), 10. A demurrer is a pleading that admits the facts as stated in the declaration to which it replies, but denies that these facts are sufficient to constitute a good cause of action (or defense) in law.

SKETCHES OF THE FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI

THE BENCH AND BAR

STOCKING A LAUGH.

After a while the practice of quibbling and taking small points began to grow out of fashion. It was found to be unprofitable. Nobody made any thing by it, and it was exceedingly troublesome to the lawyers, for which trouble they got no pay; and it took up the time of the Court to no purpose, and frequently to the postponement of important business. So some of us thought of trying a plan to put it down.

At the Fall session, 184-, of K. Circuit Court—Judge A. presided. To save time, he appointed night sessions to hear motions, demurrers, and such business as the Judge despatched without jury or examination of witnesses. Many lawyers were in attendance, the docket being much crowded. Among them was Ransed Malony. Now Ransed was a swift man in the dilatory line. His eyes were fashioned on the microscope plan; and like Jeffrey—Byron being witness—"all that law as yet had taught him was to find a flaw," though he had been sucking at one of the hind teats of the law for some quarter of a century. Ransed lived in the adjoining circuit, where his natural aptitude for small points had been sharpened against Jos. H's steel. Like William of Deloraine, the Scotch *collecting* attorney—vide Scott's Reports—who did a brisk business on the Southern border—Ransed

"Harried the men on hill and dale,
And drove the beeves of Lauderdale."

If Ransed did profess to know any thing, it was the laws pertaining to special demurrers as applied to a count on a promissory note. His learning on that interesting head was, as he had it, "*intricit*." Few men had read Chitty's, Saunders' and Gould's precedent so often: he knew to a gnat's heel what the form was, from the title of the Court to the signature of the attorney. You couldn't begin to fool Ransed with any thing short

of a full complement of what the form assured him he was entitled to in the way of declaration: the main difficulty that sometimes foiled Ransed's discrimination, even when at its keenest edge, was to know what parts of the form might be omitted without leaving the plaint fatally defective: and great were the exercises of Ransed's intellect upon this distressing topic. I am afraid 'Squire Malony's temper suffered some abatement of its equanimity by these repeated mental agitations. He was not a sweet-tempered man. He was subject to fits of strong excitement, especially in the heat naturally inspired by an argument upon a special demurrer, inflaming a warm imagination or fervid passions. The excitement sometimes became almost too much for his nervous system; and under the inspiration of his argumentation, his hand became so tremulous as to render him unable to read the special causes of demurrer, at least with that facility and fluency which are essential to beauty and brilliancy of delivery in such compositions. I cannot say that, on the whole, Ransed was an interesting speaker. His discourse, it is true, flowed through some of those "*Salinas* or salt-pits," of which Lord Bacon speaks: hence probably its dryness to the auditors. But then he used to cultivate an axiomatic style, which was too severe, in the great clots and dabs of wisdom he threw out, for the assimilating powers of his hearers; forcing them to think, with the critic who read the dictionary, that the matter was very good, but the subject was changed too often. His want of variety was supplied by a very alert turn for repetition, which was exercised frequently after he professed to pass on to another head or point of discourse; as the countryman, after changing his plate at the town tavern, called for *more* bacon and greens. His style of logic was peculiar [*sic*] and original: sometimes when pressed in the argument, he would prove the minor proposition by assuming the truth of the major; than which, if the opponent did not challenge his premises, nothing could be better despatched—or more unnecessary. The difficulty with 'Squire Ransed was to know when he was through with his speech: but surely he cannot be blamed for this; seeing that, about concluding time, he could not see any particular reason why he had spoken so much, it is not to be wondered at that he could see the same reason for saying more. Even after he had taken his seat he was in the habit of rising to make supplementary and amended arguments; but it is only fair to say that the opposite counsel

had no right to complain of such emendations, as they were repetitions of what he had better said before.

It was found out that Malony was defending, among other matters, one of Jonathan Joy's cases; and had, as usual, put in a demurrer to the declaration: the matter of the demurrer was to be tried that night at the judge's room. This was a first rate opportunity for putting into execution the scheme of laughing quibbles out of court and countenance. The whole bar, and several other persons, numbering some forty or fifty in all, were present. H. G. and I went around among the brethren of the better sort and concerted with them the scheme: this was that whenever Joy said any thing intended for fun or ridicule, all should applaud in chorus, and the more the better. We went to Joy, and, representing to him the necessity of putting down this quibbling propensity, got him to do his best to give Ransed a benefit. He very readily consented: for, besides that he did the largest business in the collecting line in that region, his sturdy sense and his elevated character concurred to inspire disgust at the pettifogging practices in vogue. He was the very man for the purpose. He had a strong sense of ridicule, a racy and unique manner, and a coolness and deliberation which enabled him to carry a purpose of this sort through, while his experience and weight of character and position in and outside of the bar, gave effect to all he said. After the despatch of some other business, *the* case was called. Ransed opened the matters of demurrer. They were some ten or twelve. The declaration was on a promissory note. 1. Cause of demurrer—"that the said declaration is not entitled of any term of this court—which is error." (It was entitled "Fall term.") *Argument*: "it was entitled *Fall* term; but there is no such term—the term is the *November* term." 2. "The declaration does not show in what *year* the same is entitled—which is error"—(the declaration stated "1840.") *Argument*: "1840 does not show the year—it only shows a number; and a number of one thing as well as another: it may mean 1840 bushels of corn." (Here H. G., the leader of the orchestra, exploded, and the rest followed suit.) 3. "The said declaration does not show any party complaining—which is error. It says, it is true, 'the said pl'ff complains; but pl'ff does not mean plaintiff.'" (Here there was another explosion, and Ransed asked protection of the court.) 4. "The said declaration commences with a 'Whereas,' instead of a 'For that,'—which is error." (Here

we all broke out again; but Ransed, to appease the crowd, interposed—"I waive that.") 5. "There is no *super se assumpsit*—which is error." *Argument*: "It is true that the later books say that there is no necessity for this when a promise is averred; but these are overruled by *the elder* cases which all require it, and the precedent before me, (Chitty's,) has it in it." *Per curiam*—"Is there not a note of the editor saying it is not necessary?" *Ransed*—"Y-e-s, your honor, but the form has it plain, and the note, I insist, is a mere *obiter dictum* of the author, and not authority." (Here a laugh broke out, which the court had to interpose to stop.) 6. "Because the said declaration does not show that the plaintiff has sustained any damage by the breach—which is error." *Argument*: "The declaration uses the words, and refers to 'pl'ff and def't,' and, in conclusion, says the defendant 'has not paid the said note to pl'ff to *his* damage.' &c. Whose damage? It does not appear but that it was to the defendant's own damage; and if the defendant himself was damnified by his not paying his note, the plaintiff has no right to sue—that's clear '*damnum squee juryah.*'" (This idea being particularly brilliant, was greeted with a round of applause.) 7. "The said declaration shows no breach—which is error." *Argument*: "This point *depends* on the *ground* taken last—*his* damage: *Who's his?* Therefore, I insist the declaration shows no breach." A shrill voice whispered, "The declaration can't say the same of you, Ransed," which caused such a laugh that Malony sat down grumbling out something about *satisfaction*.

Brother Jonathan rose to reply. Never had speaker such an audience. There could be no such thing as fail. Even if he had not said a word, but had merely gone through the motions, this would have done. Such an air of preparation — such visible expectation — shifting of seats — clearing of throats — adjusting themselves in easy positions for enjoying the discourse: while H. G.'s countenance, sharp as a steel trap, and as full of fun as a farce, beamed encouragement on the speaker "to cry aloud and spare not." Ransed's seat began to be uncomfortable to him, and well it might, for there were ominous tokens of something coming which he had not contracted for. Jonathan was not long in paying his respects to him. You would have thought you were in a hatter's shop from the way the fur flew. For one hour and a quarter, by the watch, he baited him. In vain Ransed squirmed and fidgetted and rose to explain or deny;

every time he rose we laughed him down; and every rising afforded fresh provocation and fresh materials for further assailment. He was only audible once when, on coming to the 4th cause of demurrer, Joy wished to know why it was set down if [it] was to be withdrawn as soon as read, Ransed said something in apology about its being inserted "in the heat of composition," and the leader of the orchestra giving the sign, the very rafters rung with the fun. After that there was no more interruption. He became the picture of unresisting imbecility and dogged submission. But though Ransed had struck his flag, the firing did not cease. Jonathan intended to sink his ship. He kept up a continual cannonade, relieved only by volleys of musketry. We roared—we stamped—we clapped our hands—we threw ourselves back—we slapped each other on the shoulders—we would pretend to hold in for respect to Ransed, but, catching his eye, even in the serious parts of Joy's epic and didactic essay—for it was hardly a legal argument—we would burst out as if restraint were impossible under such circumstances of mirthful provocation. At length, when Joy concluded with a reference to Mrs. Admiral Hardcastle's disappointment, as chronicled in one of Smollett's novels,—and made a not very remote application of this incident to Malony, we broke up the convocation in a hurrah.

Whether Ransed replied or not, I do not remember. But he wasn't in court next morning; and when *the* case was called, I observed that Jonathan took judgment without further defence or let. This was about the last I ever saw of Ransed in that court; and from that time special demurrers got below par.

Ransed never liked Jonathan after that night: at least I judge so from hearing that he spoke of that yankee fellow, Joy, as the most overrated man he ever knew, and certainly the most uninteresting speaker. He said he once listened to him arguing a demurrer for an hour and a half, and really it was distressing to hear him.

Route of Colonel Benjamin Hawkins' trip from New York to Coweta Tallahassee, 1798. Details by the author.

BENJAMIN HAWKINS' TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO COWETA TALLAHASSEE, 1798

by Marion R. Hemperley

This study is an annotation of a trip by Colonel Benjamin Hawkins from the Creek Indian town of New York in present-day Tallapoosa County to the Creek town of Coweta Tallahassee in today's Russell County, Alabama. This trip, made in November, 1798, crossed what was to become in later years east-central Alabama.

Colonel Hawkins was appointed Principal Indian Agent for all Indians South of the Ohio River by President George Washington in 1796. Hawkins immediately travelled to the heart of the Creek Nation where he established his headquarters at Coweta Tallahassee. In the course of his duties as Indian Agent, he made many trips over the Southeast, keeping a sometime hour by hour diary of his travels. In many cases, Hawkins was the first white man to leave a written record of the area over which he travelled, records that, today, provide one of the most valuable sources of information for students of Indian life. Some of Hawkins' papers and reports have been published as *Collections of the Georgia Historical Society* in their Volumes III and IX. The following journey is taken from Hawkins' Viatory, a Journal of Distances, handwritten by Hawkins and on file in the Library of Congress. The late Indian expert, Dr. John H. Goff, had this book, which is unpublished, microfilmed for his personal use, and just before his untimely death in 1967, presented the film to the Georgia Surveyor General Department, Atlanta, with the rest of his personal papers. A xerox copy, printed from Dr. Goff's microfilm, is on file in that department for reference.

The author has modified Hawkins' original manuscript slightly so that it will be more understandable to the reader. For instance, Colonel Hawkins abbreviated an entry in his Viatory thus: 10 x d c l 10/. This modified into written form means: He travelled for 10 minutes, then crossed a dry creek running to the left, 10 feet wide. Hawkins travelled by horseback and

computed his speed at 3 to 3½ miles per hour, timing himself by the elapsed time from one place to another. The modern historian has to transpose the elapsed time into distance to find his route. Unfortunately Colonel Hawkins did not make the astute observations in his Viatory that he did in some of his other writings. In his "Letters," published by the Georgia Historical Society as their Volume IX in 1916, Hawkins made remarks about the country side and everything and everyone he saw or met. For the interested reader other annotations by the author of Colonel Hawkins' journeys have appeared in the *Georgia Historical Quarterly*, Volume LV (Spring, 1971) and the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Volume XXXI (Fall and Winter, 1969).

The trip from New York on the Tallapoosa to Coweta Tallahassee on the Chattahoochee River was only about 60 miles long. But the very fact that this trip was made over one of the lesser known Indian trails of the Southeast, makes it even more interesting. The author, in the footnotes of this annotation, has used the modern names for streams and places mentioned by Hawkins except in the few cases where they are the same today. In the latter case the author has so stated they are the same. The reader should bear in mind that except for the few places named by Hawkins, and others like him, there were no established names of streams or places, as we know them today.

According to Dr. Goff, New York (also written New Yorka, Niuyaka, New Yaucaw, New Yauger, Nuyaka, New Youka, Nuoqauco, Newquacau, etc.) was one of the chief Oakfuskee towns. It was located in what is as present (1955) a large field on the left or south bank of the Tallapoosa, in Sec. 13 and 14 of T 23 N. R 23 E., across from the battle site of Horse Shoe Bend, situated a couple of miles to the south. Hawkins says "New-Yau-caw" was named after New York. (Benjamin Hawkins, "A Sketch of the Creek Country," *Collections of the Georgia Historical Society*, III, 45.) Presumably it received this name after the return of the Creek chiefs from New York, following the treaty there in 1790.

November 25, (1798). The route from New yau cau to Cowetuh taulauhassee. S10E, 13 min. cross the river 360 ft.

running to the right.¹ 20 min. cross a creek running to the right 8 ft. wide.² 10 min. paths divide, I take the right.³ 52 min. cross a branch running to the left. Over high broken pine hills long leaf pine.⁴ 6 min. cross a dry creek running to the left. Reeds.⁵ 4 min. cross branch running to the left. Stony hills.⁶ 19 min. cross a path.⁷ 15 min. cross a branch running to the right. A bed of reeds. Over broken stoney oak land.⁸ 6 min. cross reeds.⁹ 21 min. cross a creek running to the left. Reeds. Here I breakfast amidst flat reedy glades waving red oak saplin land still and good for wheat.¹⁰ 10 min. cross a vein of reed to the left.¹¹ 3 min. cross a dry creek running left in a flat of reed. Post Oak land.¹² 7 min. cross a large path, E20S. Our course S10E. Open red and post oak land.¹³ 3 min. cross a path. Red oak and short leaf pine.¹⁴ 10 min. cross a branch running to the left, 4 ft. wide. Fine running with reeds, the land good red oak land.¹⁵

¹Tallapoosa River. He started his journey from the north side of the stream although the town was said to have been on the south side. In all probability, New York was on both sides of the river, or at least part of it was, as was common with most Indian towns located on streams.

²Eagle Creek was running to his left. Hawkins was in error when he said it was running to the right.

³The path he crossed ran southwest to the Indian town of Tallassee, located in today's southwestern Tallapoosa County near the modern city of the same name, or it may have run to Oakfuskee, a ways north of Tallassee.

⁴Moore's Creek northeast of today's Easton. He passed the site of present-day Elder Church and School and continued southeastward.

⁵Unnamed stream.

⁶Unnamed stream northeast of present-day Easton.

⁷He was just east of today's Easton.

⁸One of the tips of North Fork Sandy Creek.

^{9,10}Another prong of North Fork Sandy Creek. The reed was located between the forks of the creeks. The reader will note that Colonel Hawkins mentions reed, or cane, whenever he saw it. In early days, that plant was regarded as a valuable crop for grazing by cattle or horses of travellers. Cane, even in the middle of winter, remains green and edible for animals.

^{11,12}He was near today's Dudleyville.

¹³The large path he crossed was the noted Oakfuskee Trail, one of the largest and best known of the southeastern Indian thoroughfares. It ran westward from Augusta, Georgia, all the way across Georgia and half of Alabama to the Oakfuskee towns on the Tallapoosa River. For a complete description of this old route, see Dr. John H. Goff, *The Path to Oakfuskee, Georgia Historical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXIX, (March and June), 1955.

¹⁴Unnamed local path, probably running from the Indian town of Pinhottee, a village he was near (see footnote No. 17) or it was a connection to the Oakfuskee Path (footnote No. 13).

¹⁵Main branch of North Fork Sandy Creek.

10 min. a path joins on the right. Oakey woods.¹⁶ 7 min. a village, well situated on good lands in the neighborhood of a large creek. Pinchoote.¹⁷ 5 min. Cross a creek running to the right 20 ft. wide. the land good hickory and oak.¹⁸ 10 min. cross a branch running to the right. This a bed of reed. Our course S20W.¹⁹ 7 min. cross a branch running to the right.²⁰ 20 min. cross a path.²¹ 17 min. cross a branch running to the right, 3 ft. wide. Fine reed in oakey woods.²² 6 min. cross a river to the right, 80 ft. wide, over a shoal. Octauhauzauza.²³ 26 min. a vein of reed to the right. Here I encamp Nov 25, 1798. Our course from the village S10W. The lands near the river broken, no flat lands.²⁴ 16 min. cross a path in flat oakey woods.²⁵ 15 min. cross a creek running to the left, 4 ft. wide. Fine water and reed. The lands broken and stoney, red oak and short leaf pine.²⁶ 10 min. some long leaf pine.²⁷ 7 min. cross a path. We take the left E30S. We find from our course of S10W that we must have taken the rong path at the village.²⁸ 14 min. the path forks we take the right.²⁹ 6 min. a house of Tallassee people, well situated on a little creek, the lands good oak and hickory.³⁰ 4 min. cross a creek running to the right 8 ft. wide. After crossing resume the path we left.³¹ 7 min. cross a path from

¹⁶May have been another local path from Pinhottee to the Oakfuskee Trail.

¹⁷Pinhottee was southeast of present-day Dudleyville in extreme eastern Tallapoosa County on a branch of the North Fork Sandy Creek. Colonel Hawkins, in his "A Sketch of the Creek Country," described the town: "Pin-e-hoo-tee; from pin-e-wau (pinwa), a turkey, and e-hoo-tee (huti), house. It is on the right side of a fine little creek, a branch of E-pe-sau-gee. The land is still and rich, and lies well; the timber is red oak and hickory, the branches all have reed, and the land on them, above the settlements, is good black oak, sapling, and hickory. This and the neighboring land is fine for settlement; they have here three or four houses only, some peach trees and hogs, and their fields are fenced. The path from New-yau-cau to Cow-e-tuh-tal-has-see passes by these houses." The last mentioned route, of course, is the way under discussion in this study.

^{18, 20}All branches of North Fork Sandy Creek south of today's Dudleyville.

²¹The path he crossed was probably either a connection to the Oakfuskee Trail or one of the local ways to Pinhottee.

^{22, 23}Branches of the North Fork Sandy Creek just south of Dudleyville. Octauhauzauza means "sand" or "sandy" with an inference of an abundance of it, hence the name "Sandy Creek." There was a Creek Indian town by the name of Oktahasasi (Octauhauzaza) in upper Tallapoosa County not too far away.

²⁴He was near the present-day Tallapoosa-Chambers County line.

²⁵Just west of today's Blackman, Chambers County.

^{26, 27}Either Hunter Creek or County Line Creek, west of present-day Center Church, between Blackman and Judson.

^{28, 31}The area in which he became confused, or lost, is south of today's Blackman and Center Church and west of Antioch Church.

the village.³² Cross a creek running to the right, 10 ft. side. Reeds. Plantations on our right.³³ 34 min. cross a branch running to the right. Reeds.³⁴ 4 min. cross vein of reed on right in a pine barren. Long leaf pine and here I saw the [illegible word] hillocks.³⁵ 5 min. cross a branch running to the right. Reeds.³⁶ 6 min. houses on our right, belonging to Eufaulauhatchee. They are well situated, the flats on the creek are rich and well cultivated.³⁷ 5 min. cross Eufaulauhatchee 15 ft. wide, running to the right.³⁸ 24 min. reeds to our left in the midst of a hurricane from southeast. The lands poor hills.³⁹ 20 min a path from our right. Our course N80E.⁴⁰ 36 min. a ball ground flat of oak and hickory.⁴¹ 5 min. the head of a branch running to the right, thick set with reed, lands broken oak and hickory.⁴² 67 min. cross a creek running to the right, 5 ft. wide in a large bed of reed. The lands are broken stiff and stoney, red oak and small hickory, just above the path on the east side there is the appearance of a rich flat of level land. Here I breakfast.⁴³ 14 min. cross a creek running to the right, 20 ft. over stiff land, oak, hickory, and short leaf pine. Luste hatchee.⁴⁴ 3 min. paths

³²This was a trail from Tallassee on the Tallapoosa River (located near the modern-day city of the same name) to today's LaFayette area.

³³A branch of Little Sandy Creek just after he had crossed present-day Alabama Highway 50.

^{34, 36}Branches of Little Sandy Creek north of today's Sturkie.

^{37, 38}Little Sandy Creek about today's Sturkie. There were at least five Creek Indian towns by the name of Eufaula in present-day Alabama. The one referred to here was on the Tallapoosa River in Tallapoosa County near the mouth of Sandy Creek. Hence the reason for this branch of Sandy Creek to be known as Eufaulauhatchee, or "Eufaula Creek." The settlement mentioned was apparently an out-village of Eufaula. The trail Hawkins was using fell on today's Alabama 37 at Sturkie.

^{39, 41}Between present-day Sturkie and Oak Bowery, (close on Alabama 37. The trail mentioned was probably another route to Tallassee.

⁴²A branch of Sandy Creek.

⁴³A tip of one of the branches of Sougahatchee. The name means "rattling" or "rattling gourd stream." A gourd was prepared by the Indians to be used as a musical instrument by placing small stones in it so they would rattle and keep time for dancing or other ceremonies. There was a town named Sougahatchee on that stream in today's western Lee County, west of the area through which Hawkins was travelling.

⁴⁴A branch of Sougahatchee Creek just over in present-day Lee County. Hawkins called this stream Lustahatchee, probably thinking that it ran to the village of that name "above the second cataract of the Tallapoosa River." That location would be in present-day Tallapoosa County about the mouth of Sandy Creek, a location that is now inundated by the waters of Martin Lake. The name Lustahatchee means "black creek."

fork, I take left. The course east⁴⁵ 11 min. cross a dry branch running to the left. There is to the left of the path the appearance of flat low lands on the creek.⁴⁶ 7 min. cross a dry branch running to the left. Reeds. The hill sides small hickory.⁴⁷ 7 min. cross a dry creek running to the left. Fine reed the lands continue stiff and stoney oak and hickory.⁴⁸ 22 min. cross a branch running to the right. Fine reed right and left. Some rock on the west side. Land stiff and stoney red oak and hickory.⁴⁹ 16 min. cross a branch running to the right. Lands of like quality.⁵⁰ 2 min. cross a dry creek running to left.⁵¹ 25 min. cross a path.⁵² 3 min. cross a vein of reed to the right.⁵³ 12 min. cross a branch running to the right. Fine reed and here I encamped, 26 Novt., 1798. The lands pretty good, oak small hickory, chesnut, and pine.⁵⁴ 8 min. cross a creek running to the right on a rocky bed.⁵⁵ 14 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Fine reed and oak hickory, and pine.⁵⁶ 5 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Reed.⁵⁷ 28 min. cross a creek running to the right, 20 ft. wide. Rocky bed, oak and hickory, small.⁵⁸ 15 min. A vein of reed just after crossing a ridge of rock, hickory, oak, pine.⁵⁹ 7 min. cross a dry creek running to the right, 8 ft. wide. Reed. Our course E10S.⁶⁰ 14 min. Vein of reed to the left.⁶¹ 19 min. cross vein of reed to the right. Over poor saplin land.⁶² 18 min. cross a branch to the

^{45, 47} The trail crossing was about 1/2 mile northwest of Jefferson and about 1 1/2 miles south of the present Chambers-Lee County line. The dry branches mentioned were prongs of Halawakee Creek. The name means "bad" or "ugly." Hawkins turned from what is shown in the 1832 land surveys of Alabama as the main trail. He was soon to veer to the south toward today's Opelika to make a large loop before intersecting the original (in footnote No. 68) trail.

⁴⁸ A tip of Halawakee Creek about today's Mt. Jefferson. Here the trail turned southward toward Opelika, still close on today's Alabama 37.

^{49, 51} Tips of Sougahatchee Creek near present-day East Alabama Junction.

^{52, 53} The path he crossed was just north of today's Opelika and probably ran southwest to the Creek Indian town of Sougahatchee in extreme southwestern Lee County on the stream of the same name.

⁵⁴ A branch of Sougahatchee Creek just north of Opelika. The trail ran due south through that modern-day city.

⁵⁵ A tip of Sougahatchee Creek near the northern city limits of Opelika.

^{56, 57} Present-day Opelika.

⁵⁸ Sougahatchee Creek about the southern limits of Opelika.

⁵⁹ Just south of Opelika.

⁶⁰ Robinson Creek south of Opelika. The trail began to swing more to the east along here and ran close on the present-day route of the Central of Georgia Railroad.

^{61, 62} Still close on the Central of Georgia Railroad south of Opelika.

right. Fine reed.⁶³ 1 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. The lands good on the east, oak, chesnut.⁶⁴ 7 min. A vein of oakey wood, reed.⁶⁵ 3 min. cross vein of reed to the right.⁶⁶ 8 min. a ridge of poor blackjack. I take this to be the dividing ridge between Chattahoochee and Tallapoosau. Our course continues E10S.⁶⁷ 28 min. cross a path.⁶⁸ 9 min. cross a branch running to the right just below the spring.⁶⁹ 26 min. cross a path. Our course E15S.⁷⁰ 5 min. cross a dry branch running to the left. Broken lands.⁷¹ 10 min. long leaf pine forest..⁷² 8 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Over a high pine nole.⁷³ 22 min. cross a dry creek running to the right, 8 ft. wide. Good land on the margins.⁷⁴ 6 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Fine reed.⁷⁵ 4 min. cross a dry branch running to the right.⁷⁶ 2 min. cross a dry branch running to the right.⁷⁷ 15 min. breakfast on a small branch to the right⁷⁸ 6 min. cross a dry creek running to the right, 6 ft. wide. Reed and rich flats. Some large white oak. Our course E40S.⁷⁹ 4 min. a path joins from the left.⁸⁰ 3 min. a dry creek to the right.⁸¹ 7 min. a dry branch running to the right. The lands to the right a red oak flat.⁸² 15 min. cross a dry branch running to the right, near thick vein of reed on right.⁸³ 4 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Reed.⁸⁴ 16 min. cross a branch running to the right. Water.⁸⁵ 4 min. cross a creek running to the left, 38 ft. wide. Dry, reed and palmetto.⁸⁶ 14 min. cross

⁶³Probably one of the tips of a branch of Little Uchee Creek just south of today's Chewacla.

^{64, 66}South of present-day Chewacla.

⁶⁷He was about 2 miles east of today's Chewacla, travelling south of and parallel to the Central of Georgia Railroad right of way.

⁶⁸About 2½ miles northwest of present-day Salem. Here he intersected the trail that by-passed today's Opelika and that he left at footnote No. 48. The path continued southeast, close on present-day U. S. 241.

⁶⁹Phelps Creek northwest of Salem, the trail still close on U. S. 241.

⁷⁰This path forked off at today's Salem to run northeast to the present-day Bartletts Ferry Dam on the Chattahoochee River and the Georgia state line.

^{71, 72}Near Salem.

^{73, 77}Branches of Sturkie Creek southeast of Salem.

⁷⁸Probably a branch of Dunken Creek southeast of Salem.

⁷⁹Dunken Creek.

⁸⁰The path he crossed was running close on a modern-day back country road that runs northeast-southwest from Motts to Griffin Mill.

^{81, 84}Branches of Little Uchee Creek.

⁸⁵Peters Creek.

⁸⁶Main stream of Little Uchee Creek.

a creek running to the left, 30 ft. wide, Wetumcau on a rocky bottom.⁸⁷ 4 min. path forks to the right.⁸⁸ 3 min. a path and houses to the right and fields left.⁸⁹ 8 min. Through rich high land to long leaf pine.⁹⁰ 17 min. cross a branch running to the right. Fine Reed.⁹¹ 2 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Reed and evergreens.⁹² 20 min. old houses to the left. Plumb and peach trees.⁹³ 7 min. cross a creek running to the right. Wetumcau. Land Broken.⁹⁴ 20 min. down it to Wetumcau.⁹⁵ 10 min. cross a creek, dry running to the right, 10 ft. wide. Here encamp 27 Nov, 1798.⁹⁶ 10 min. cross vein of reed.⁹⁷ 29 min. cross a dry creek running to the right, 12 ft. wide. Large flat and cane.⁹⁸ 9 min. cross dry branch running to the right. Holly pine land.⁹⁹ 5 min. cross dry branch running to the right.¹⁰⁰ 11 min. cross dry branch running to the right, 4 ft. wide. Reed.¹⁰¹ 3 min. cross a dry branch running to the right.¹⁰² 11 min. cross vein reed to the right.¹⁰³ 5 min. cross a dry branch running to the right. Evergreens and reed.¹⁰⁴ 30 min. cross a branch running to the right. Fine water, evergreens, and reed.¹⁰⁵ 8 min. cross a dry branch running to the right.¹⁰⁶ 6 min. cross a branch running to the right. Fine reed and some water.¹⁰⁷ 10 min. cross a creek running to the right, 4 ft. wide. Water and evergreens.¹⁰⁸ 25 min. cross a creek running to the right, 4 ft. wide. Land Good.¹⁰⁹ 5 min. Cross a dry branch running to the right.¹¹⁰ 8 min. cross a path from the left.¹¹¹ 5 min. a tuft of

⁸⁷ A branch of Little Uchee Creek.

⁸⁸ The path he crossed ran east and west close on the modern-day road that runs through Hopewell, Griffin Mill, and J. C. Meadows Cross Roads.

^{89, 90} Southwest of today's J. C. Meadows Cross Road in lower Lee County.

^{91, 92} Probably tips of branches of Whites Creek.

⁹³ He was almost to the present-day Russell-Lee County line.

^{94, 95} Hospilika Creek, originally known as Wetumka Creek, near the present-day Russell-Lee County line. There were at least three Creek towns by the name of Wetumka, one of which was located at that point on the trail Hawkins was using. The word means "tumbling water" as rapids or a waterfall.

^{96, 97} Southeast of today's Motts Bridge between Crawford and Ladonia. The trail followed by Hawkins ran on southeastward on the northeast side and parallel to Little Uchee Creek. From the present-day Russell-Lee County line southeastward to his ultimate destination, Hawkins travelled over a route that is not shown on the original surveys of the area, made in 1832 and the exact route of the trail is a matter of conjecture.

^{98, 100} Probably branches of Jacks Creek.

^{101, 107} Branches of Sevenmile Creek.

¹⁰⁸ Main stream of Sevenmile Creek.

^{109, 110} A branch of Sevenmile Creek.

evergreens to the right. Like pine hills on the left.¹¹² 10 min. a tuft of evergreens on the right near the top of a high ridge.¹¹³ 20 min. cross a creek running to the left, 5 ft. wide at Tallahassee house. Over a very high ridge which I enter and continue and descend to the creek.¹¹⁴

^{111, 112}The path he crossed must have been one of the local ways between two of the numerous Indian towns in the vicinity.

¹¹³Indeed he was travelling on a high ridge. The elevation is approximately 180 feet above the plain he was about to enter.

¹¹⁴Broken Arrow Creek. Coweta Tallahassee was just east of today's Flourney, Russell County. Colonel Hawkins, in his *Creek Country*, gives a good description of the town: "The town is half a mile from the river [Chattahoochee], on the right bank of the creek; it is on a high flat, bordered on the east by the flats of the river, and west by high broken hills [over which Hawkins had just passed]; they have but a few settlers in the town; the fields are on a point of land three-quarters of a mile below the town." It was at Coweta Tallahassee that Colonel Hawkins established his Indian Agency and was his home at the time of this study. There was a newer Coweta just upstream from this one and evidently most of the Indians had moved to the upper place by that time.

Edmund Pendleton Gaines
Description of The Upper Tombigbee River
January, 1808

by
James H. Stone

The following document is the second half of a survey diary kept by Edmund Pendleton Gaines during the winter of 1807-1808. The first portion appeared under the title "Surveying the Gaines Trace, 1807-1808" in the issue of this journal. One should consult the introduction to that article for background material on this study.¹

January 16th 1808. Very cold.

Send Corporal Jacobs and one man with four horses by land to St. Stephen's,² and at a half past 7. ° Clock A.M. depart on board two perogues lashed together, from Cotton-Gin-Port,³ down the Tombigby River. Take the course, as usual, with a Compass, and distance by a watch, having a Second Hand, in minutes and parts of a minute.

Note. Our movement may be estimated at 16 minutes p.^r Mile.⁴

[We proceed] Down the river. To lower end [of Cotton Gin] Bluff, right. At a small Willow-Island, nearly covered with water.

(Note. River has risen, in the last four days, about 4 feet above what is deemed low-water-mark)

¹Though Gaines' usage is sometimes incorrect, in no case has his spelling, punctuation, capitalization, etc. been modified. Any additions by the editor are in brackets.

²Gaines had, on January 15, 1808, sent his pack horse party back to Muscle Shoals to pick up the survey party's baggage. They were to proceed overland to St. Stephens. His younger brother George Strother Gaines was Factor at St. Stephens while Gaines himself was Commandant at Fort Stoddert.

³Located in what became Monroe County, Mississippi, Cotton Gin Port developed into a thriving trading town and river port in the first half of the nineteenth century. It became a ghost town in 1887 when its inhabitants moved three miles east in order to reestablish their town as Amory, Mississippi, on the newly constructed Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham Railroad.

⁴Gaines includes well over 500 distance/course/time notations. As one might expect, his measurements were not entirely accurate. All of them have been omitted from the edited version of this document. No ellipsis marks are included to indicate these particular omissions.

From our Camp on the bluff to this Island, the water is 12 @ 15 foot deep; at Island, 10 foot deep, and for a few chains⁵ the current is stronger than we found it at the bluff. Supposed to be at the rate of 2 3/4 miles pr. Hour. Cane-brake Rt. 10 @ 12 foot deep — gravelly bottom. Cane-brake-low-grounds on both sides the river. To a Bluff on the right. Rich, well timbered land

[At the end of the] 1st M[ile]. Leave the bluff on right.

Low grounds & thick Cane-brake on both sides. Gentle current48 @ 60 yards wide. . . .10 @ 16 foot deep. . . .8 @ 12 foot deep

2^d Mile. . . . to a bluff on the left. The mouth of a small creek on the left

3^d Mile. Rich low grounds on both sides of the River. Thick Cane-brake on all low grounds near the river. The timber in these low grounds consists, principally, of large Oaks, Hickory, Poplar, and Ash; with some Cyprus and Sycamore, and a great variety of vines, principally the Summer & Winter Grape, and the muscadine.

There are, also, among the under-growth, several Evergreens, amongst which are Holly & Mock-Olive

4th Mile. . . . pass a small B[lu]ff L. . . .gentle current. — 7 to 10 foot deep

5 Miles. . . .gentle current. 8 @ 12 foot deep. . . .a small Isle; near a Bluff. R.

6th Mile. Rich low grounds, & thick Cane-brake both sides. . . . River 6 @ 12 foot deep. At mouth of a Branch to the left. A small Willow Isle near left [bank]. . . .river 8 @ 12 f^t deep.

7th M. . . .a small Willow Isle, near the left shore.

8:th M. Rich low grounds — thick cane brake both sides. River 10 @ 16 f^t deep|. . . . A handsome bluff on the right.

9th Mile. . . .Rich cane-brake bottom both sides. At mouth of a Branch on the right. . . .a small bluff on the left. At lower end of Bluff on left to low grounds. At a Bluff on the left. At lower end of ditto, a Cane-brake bottom. Steep pine-capt hill on right.

10th Mile. River from 16 @ 20 foot deep — little or no current. At a Bluff & 2^d [rate] bottom land on the left. Bluff & hilly land on the right — TEN-MILE-BLUFF.

11th Mile. Cane-brake to the left. Hilly to the right. At Cane-brake to the right. At high land right and left.

To 12th Mile. At head of a small Island near mid-river. . . .Low grounds R & left. Strong current. — gravelly bottom — 8 @ 12 foot

⁵A chain is normally sixty-six feet. Gaines, however, used a chain thirty-three feet in length, making 160 chains to the mile.

deep. At head of an Island — Narrow low ground gentle current, 10 to 14 f^t deep. Low grounds, narrow, right & left River 8 foot deep 6 foot deep River from 8 @ 12 foot deep Strong current gentle current.

13th Mile At head of an Isle, nearest the right shore 5 1/4 [feet deep]. At the mouth of a small creek on left. At head of a Willow-Isle near left a small Bluff to the left.

14th Mile. leave the bluff. — Low grounds right & left. River 6 to 10 foot deep — Strong current. At a Bluff on left the mouth of a large Branch. At head of a Willow-Isle, near Mid-river At a small Willow-Isle, near right Cane-brake low grounds Right & left Gentle current — 8 @ 12 feet deep

15th Mile a small bluff on right. Cane-brake low grounds right & left Bluff left; Cane-brake low grounds right. At lower end Bluff left — to Cane-brake bottom Bluff on right.

16th Mile mouth of a branch to the left the river forms a Basin to the left, about 80 yards wide, at a bluff on the left Cane-brake low grounds right A high bluff on the right River from 12 @ 16 foot deep — gently current. Yellow Bank River. Low grounds, Cane-brake, right and left. At head of a small Isle near the left At mouth of a branch on the left.

17th Mile Bluff on the left Rich Cane-brake low grounds on left & right Bluff right At head of an Isle near the right shore Cane-brake right & left.

18th M. mouth of a large creek on right. — Bluff on the left, on which has been, lately, a remarkably violent hurricane which has torn down the timber, & thrown large quantities of trees, down the Bluff, into the River. Cane-brake on right. — Hurricane bluff on left upper end of a Bluff, right.

19th M. At mouth of a small branch on right. River from 12 to 18 foot deep — gentle silent current. Cane-brake bottom on left. Bluff on right

20th M Bluff left & right. *TWENTY-MILE-BLUFF*. Cane-brake bottom right.

21st M. Low grounds to the right. Upland left. River from 60 to 70 yards wide — 10 @ 12 foot deep, with but little current.

22^d M. At mouth of a branch right Bluff on right. The growth on this bluff consists, principally, of Pine, with some Oak & Hickory. Most bluffs, or high land, near the river, from the [Cotton-] Gin-Port to this place, afford rich, greyish soil, with Oak, Hickory & Ash timber, and scattering Pine

23^d M. High land & open woods, within 2 @ 3 chains from the

River, right & left. . . . Piney woods both sides. . . . At head of an Island near mid-river. At mouth of a Creek to the left. . . . bluff or high land, on left

24th M. At the head of an Island, nearest the right shore. Strong current at the head of the Island. River 8 @ 10 f^t deep. . . . Gentle current. River 10 @ 16 f^t deep. Rich low grounds — thick Cane-brake right and left.

25th M. . . . To a Bluff on the right.

26th M. . . . Rich low grounds, with Cane-brake both sides. . . .

To 27th Mile. . . . At mouth of a small creek at a Bluff on left.

To 28th Mile. Bluff on left. — Cane-brake bottom on right. . . .

To 29th Mile. Cane-brake low grounds right & left. At mouth of a Creek to right. . . . River 12 @ 16 foot deep

30th M. At a Willow Isle near the left shore. Strong current, 8 @ 10 foot deep. . . . Rich low grounds, with Cane-brake, both sides Gentle current. At mouth of a branch on right. To a Bluff on the right.

31st M. Halt and encamp in a Cane-brake, on the left, at 1/2 past 4. ° Clock. P.M.

January 17:th 1808. Rainy and cold. At 7. & 33 minutes [A.M.] depart. Cane-brake low grounds on right & left a high perpendicular bank on the right, composed of yellowish clay, principally, with a soft, crumbling rocky base

32^d M. Rich low grounds, with Cane-brake, both Sides

33^d M. . . . the mouth of a Branch, on left. At a bluff on left. — Cane-brake bottom on right. . . . Rich low grounds right & left. River 10 @ 14 f^t D.

34th Mile. . . . At mouth of a small Creek on left. . . . At a Bluff on the left. . . . Cane-brake right & left. . . . To a bluff on the right. — Hilly.

35th M. . . . mouth of a branch on right. At this place there appears to have been a great Tornado, which has leveled the timber to the ground Rich low grounds, Cane-brake right & left. . . . River 12 @ 16 foot deep. . . .

36th M. . . . a bluff on the right. — Hilly. Rich low grounds — Cane-brake right & left To the mouth of a basin, or large lagoon, which leads up to the left, and which we at first took to be the mouth of a large creek — a small creek may empty into this basin or lagoon.

37th M. Bluff on the left — low grounds on right. . . . At a small Isle, one chain long, covered with water at this time, near Mid-river. At Cane-brake low grounds to the left and right. At a

Bluff on right. River 10 @ 16 foot deep

38th Mile. Rich low grounds. — Cane-brake right & left. . . . a small creek comes in on left

39th Mile River 12 @ 16 foot deep Bluff on left. Cane-brake low grounds right & left.

40th Mile. . . . River 12 @ 16 foot deep

41st Mile . . . To mouth of a branch on left. Cane-brake low grounds R & left. River 10 @ 14 ft deep. Bluff on the left

42^d Mile. Cane-brake right & left. To mouth of a branch near a bluff, right. Hilly land a few chains to the right. Cane-brake left

43^d Mile. Rich cane-brake low grounds R^t & left. River 10 @ 16 foot deep — Gently current. at head of a Willow Isle, near right

44th Mile. To a bluff on the left. At mouth of a small branch on left.

45th Mile. Cane-brake left & right. Here we see the Live Oak (being the first we have seen on our voyage) in the low grounds to left. Rich low grounds. . . . At mouth of a small branch on right.

46th Mile. Bluff on right. Cane-brake bottom on left. River 70 @ 80 yards wide — 12 @ 16 foot deep — gentle, silent current. . . . a handsome bluff on left A plain hunting-path crosses at this place. To a bluff on the right. — Halt 20 minutes.

47th Mile. At a small Willow Isle, nearest the right. At mouth of a branch on right, near a short, high bluff, on right.

48th Mile. Cane-brake bottom on left — Bluff right. At head of an Isle near mid-river, nearly inundated. — River 8 @ 10 foot deep. Strong current. — Cane on the Isle. In the right channel is a small Willow Island, which occasions three channels Head of a Willow Isle near Mid-river.

Opposite Willow Isle & a Bluff on the right, is the mouth of a large creek, left; which enters with a bold current, and appears to be nearly half the size of this river. . . . Halt 22 minutes, and examine the above-mentioned creek for a small distance up it. It continues to be about 30 @ 35 yards wide, and affords rich Cane-brake low grounds.

At a small Isle near the left shore. . . . To a high bluff on the right. At this bluff I find a few shelving rocks; some loose, others projecting out of a perpendicular bank. They are of a rusty colour, and soft crumbling texture. — current more gentle. . . . Cane-brake low grounds left.

To 49th Mile River 12 @ 20 foot deep. At a small Willow

Isle, — & Willow shores on both sides. — Strong current. . . . bluff left, & Caney bottom R.^t River 80 @ 90 yards wide. At head of a small Island near right. . . . Bluff on the right — Cane-brake bottom left. Gentle current

50th Mile River about 100 yards wide. — Eddy water. Bluff on the left, & skirt of Cane bottom right. At head of a small Island near Mid-river. . . . *FIFTY-MILE-BLUFF*. At thin cane-brake both sides — high banks. At mouth of a branch to right.

51st Mile. At mouth of a large creek on right. Thick Cane-brake on right & left. . . . a high perpendicular bluff on right. At lower end ditto, near the mouth of a branch: broken ridge to the right. But little current in the river at this place

52^d Mile. Bluff on the left. — Cane brake bottom, right.

To *53^d Mile*. At head of a small Willow Isle, near left. . . . Caney bottom both sides. At head of an Isle, near the right. At head of an Isle near the left. . . . Strong current. . . . At a small Willow Isle near the right. At head of Willow shore on the left, near

54th Mile. — which are two Willow Isles, which with the one on the right, divides the river into five channels: The middle one is the most eligible for Navigation. — strong current. . . . head of a Willow Isle near left. . . . River from 6 @ 10 foot deep. Strong current. Cane-brake right & left: rich low grounds Gentle current.

55th Mile. A branch on the left. At a Bunch of Willows in an Eddy, right. At a handsome Bluff on the right. Halt and Encamp at 4. ° Clock, P.M. Rained incessantly from the morning till 4 ° Clock, P.M.

January 18.th 1808. Cloudy morning. — Depart at 7: & 4 min. A.M.

Low grounds on left. — Bluff right. At head of a Caney Island. Cane-brake low grounds on right & left.

56th Mile River 8 @ 12 foot deep. Halt 19 minutes. At head of a Willow Isle near the left Cane-brake on right and left: gentle current

To *57th Mile*. To a high bluff on the right. The base of this bluff is composed of horizontal strata, of darkish, soft rock, resembling the pipe⁶ or soap stone.⁷ To the mouth of a small branch on the right. Bluff on the right — Caney low grounds left.

⁶Pipestone is a red argillaceous stone. American Indians made their tobacco pipes from it, hence the name.

⁷Soapstone is a variety of steatite having a greasy or soapy feel.

Cane-brake low grounds right & left.

To 58th Mile. At mouth of a large branch, right. To the head of a Caney Island near the right. . . . At head of a Caney Island near the right. At a small Willow Island in the left Channel — Strong current. . . . At a Willow Isle near the right. River 8 @ 12 foot deep.

59th Mile. — At an Island near the right, and a bunch of Willows near Mid-river. . . . At a Willow Isle near the left. At a Willow Island near the right. At head of a Willow Island near the R.^t At head of an Island near Mid river. . . . Strong current. River from 6 to 8 foot deep. At a small Willow Isle in the left channel.

60th M. At lower end of Isle near mid-river, to the left of which is a small Willow Island. — Bluff on the left. — Caney low grounds on right. . . . 6 ft. [deep]. — Current more gentle. . . . 10 @ 14 foot deep. At mouth of a very large, bold-running Creek, on right. At head of an Isle near the left. . . . At head of a Willow Isle near Mid-river. . . .

61st M. At head of a Willow Isle near left. . . . a high perpendicular bluff on the right. Soft, blueish rock. . . . low grounds left.

62^d M. At mouth of a small branch on right. High bluff on right. . . . Cane-brake right and left. To Bluff on the left. Piney. Caney low grounds right & left. — Gentle current. River 12 @ 18 foot deep; 70 @ 90 yards wide. To a Bluff on right.

63^d M. . . . Cane-brake low grounds right & left. At head of an Isle. — Strong current. Willow Island near the right. . . . Piney bluff on left. At upper point of a Willow Isle, near the left.

64th Mile. Bluff on the right. — Cane-brake on left. . . . a Bluff on the left. At head of a Willow Isle, & willow shore, left. . . . Strong current. — River 6 @ 10 foot deep. Bluff on the right. — Caney bottom on left. . . .

65th Mile. Gentle current — 10 @ 18 foot deep. Bluff on the right. Caney bottom left. To Bluff on the left & right.

66th Mile. At mouth of a branch to the left. Piney hills on the left — the first we have seen on that side. Narrow Cane-brake on the right.

67th Mile. A steep, piney ridge rises from the edge of the river, on our left. . . . Caney bottom left. Slow, gentle current, 12 @ 16 foot deep.

68th Mile. Bluff on the right. — Caney low grounds on left. At a Bluff on left, & narrow low grounds right.

69th Mile. Cane-brake both sides. . . .

70th Mile. River about 115 yards wide, & 10 @ 12 foot deep —

gentle current. At mouth of a bold-running River, L, which appears to be about 45 @ 50 yards wide, and occasions a considerable Eddy, or Whirlpool, immediately below its mouth, near the left shore. A Bluff on the left Cane-brake low grounds on the left & R. At head of a willow Isle near the right a bluff on the right. At head of an Isle near the left.

71st Mile. At mouth of a branch on the right. Strong current Gentle silent current — 120 @ 130 yards wide.

72^d Mile. 12 @ 14 foot deep. Caney bottom right & left. At a Bluff on the right

73^d Mile. Cane-brake bottom right & left. At head of a Willow Isle, near left. At a patch of Willows near mid-river the mouth of a large lagoon, left. At a Willow Isle near the left. Strong current W. Isle near L. Gentle current. High level land near the river on our right. At head of an Isle near Mid-river, nearest the right.

74th Mile A Bluff on the left — Red Bank Cane-brake right & left.

To 75th Mile. Bluff on the left — Caney bottom on the right

76th M. Open woods on the right. Halt 20 minutes. — Gentle current. At mouth of a small creek on the left. Cane-brake low grounds on the right.

77th Mile.

78th Mile. Cane to right & left

79th M. . . . Willow shore on right Strong current.

80th Mile. Cane to right and left. Willow shore left At head of a Willow Isle, nearest the right Cane-brake right & left. At mouth of a Lagoon on left

81st Mile Bluff on the right, near which is a lake on the same side, bearing N. N. W. from the bluff Cane-brake low grounds right & left.

82^d Mile. Halt 20 minutes Strong current Willow shore left. At a patch of Willows, mid-river. At mouth of a creek on the right. Willow shores and small Isles on both sides.

83^d Mile. Strong current — 7 @ 10 foot deep. Cane-brake on left, & Bluff on the right. Open land, which appears to have been cultivated, R At a patch of Willows near the middle of the River At upper end of a Willow Isle near L At term of course if the mouth of a river, which appears to be 60 @ 65 yards wide. — Rich Cane-brake low grounds on both sides.

84th Mile. Strong current a lake on left Bayou R.^t

85th Mile. Low Grounds on both sides Strong current
to a Bff, L. A lake on the left, a few chains to the N. E. of Bluff L.
At head of a Willow Isle on right Low grounds on left. Bluff
. . . . on right Encamp.

January 19.th 1808. Clear and very cold. Depart at 45 minutes
after 6. A. M.

86th M bluff L. At mouth of a small creek on the R . . .
Willow Isle near R. Gentle current — River from 12 to 16 foot
deep Low grounds R & L.

87th Mile At head of a Willow Island near mid-river At
a Willow Island near the left.

88th Mile Bluff on the right. Strong current. Cane-brake
low grounds on right & left Gentle current. At head of an Isle
nearest right Bluff on the left. Halt 10 minutes.

89th Mile. At head of a Willow Isle near left. Low grounds left
. . . . bluff, right.

90th M. At head of a Willow Island near L. Cane-brake right &
left. — Rich low grounds Bluff on left. Cane-brake on the right
& left. At head of an Island nearest left. . . . a creek on right.

91st Mile — Rich low grounds — Cane-brake right & left . . . At
head of a Willow shore & Isle near R.

92^d Mile To a basin, left, about 150 yards across.
Cane-brake low grounds right & L. Strong current

93^d M. . . . a bluff on right. At mouth of a branch on right, at
an old field.

94th M. Cane-brake on right & left. At head of an Island near
the left bluff left — Cane-brake right Gentle current, 12 @
16 foot deep.

95th M. The river widens to right; where [there] are Willows
forming an Isle bluff on the left. Cane-brake on right
Cane-brake on right & left, to a Bluff on the right

96th Mile Cane-brake rich low grounds both sides. At head
of a Willow Island nearest the L 6 ft. [deep].

97th M. Cane-brake on right & left. Gentle current. — River
from 12 to 18 foot deep

98th Mile. . . . Willow Isle near left a branch R.^t Bluff
right — Cane-brake left. At a Willow Isle near the left Willow
shore on right.

To 99th Mile. Cane-brake low grounds right & left Bluff L
. . . .

100th M. ONE-HUNDREDTH-MILE-BLUFF Strong cur-
rent. At mouth of a lagoon on the left. Rich Caney low grounds R

& L. Willow shore R.

101st M....Current gentle....Willow Island near the right....

102^d M.... a bluff on the left, above which is the mouth of a creek or lagoon, left.... Strong current.... bluff R; above which is a basin. At head of an Island near the middle of the river.... River 8 @ 12 foot deep. Cane-brake right & left. — Willow shore left. At a patch of Willows in mid-river. At head of Willow Isle near mid-river....

103^d Mile.... At mouth of a small basin on the right.... Bluff on the left. Current gentle — Low grounds on the right. At a small patch of willows in the river near L.

104th M. Cane-brake low grounds on the left & right. At mouth of a large branch on the right.... a high bluff on the right. At mouth of a branch on the right.... Cane-brake bottom L.

105th M. At mouth of a small branch on the right.... a branch on right, & high Bluff R.^t Cane-brake right & left. At a small Willow Isle near mid-river, which broadens towards the right to term of course.

106th M. Bluff on the left. Bluff on the right. (Halt 16 minutes) A plain path leads from the river on right & left.... High level land near the river on both sides. Mouth of a branch on the left. Good upland both sides.... Gentle current continued.

107th Mile. A Willow shore and Isle on the left. Cane-brake on R. to a Bluff on R. Strong current. River 8 @ 12 foot deep. Cane-brake low grounds on L. Bluff on R.

108th Mile. — Cane-brake low grounds on right & left. A small Willow Island near left.... willow shore near the R.^t Caney Island near mid-river. L. Channel best.... Strong current from head to foot of the Island. Bluff on the left. Cane-brake on right.

109th M. Cane-brake low grounds on both sides. Mouth of a creek on the right. A small Willow Island near the left.

110th M. Mouth of a creek or lagoon on right. At a patch of Willows in the river, nearest the right.... Steep, barren ridge near the river, on right. Cane-brake low grounds on the left.... Bluff R.

111th Mile,.... Bluff on the left. Cane-brake on the right.

112th Mile.... Cane-brake low grounds on the left, and Bluff on right.... Gentle current.

113th Mile. — Willow Isle near the right & left. Cane-brake bot.^m At a small Willow Island near the left. Willow shore on right. Low grounds [&] cane-brake R & L.... small Willow Island near the L. At head of Willow Island near right.

114th M.... At the mouth of a creek on left. Cane-brake low

grounds on the right & left.

115th *M.* Low grounds on the right & left.

116th *M.* D°

117th *Mile.* . . . Rich low grounds, thick Cane-brake R & left
 . . . Strong current . . .

118th *M.* . . . mouth of a river or lake, nearly as large as the Tombigby above this place. Bluff on the left, & low grounds on right . . . head of an Isle . . . Bluff right. Cane-brake low grounds Right & L.

119th *Mile.* A Bluff on the left. Caney low grounds right . . .

120th *Mile.* At a handsome Bluff on the right. Halt at 5.
 °Clock, P.M. & Encamp.

January 20:th 1808 — Clear & cold. Depart at 3/4 past 6. A.M. without provision. Willow Island near the middle of the river. Strong current . . . Low grounds [&] Cane-brake L. — Bluff right.

121st *M.* Cane-brake low grounds R. Bluff on left . . . Cane-brake on left. Bluff on right. . . . Mouth of a branch on the right. Narrow Cane-brake on the R.

122^d *M.* . . . Bluff on left & right. At a small Willow Island near R. At a branch on the left . . . Head of Willow Isle L. . . . Cane-brake on the left . . .

123^d *M.* . . . a bluff on the left. Thin Cane-brake on the right. High bank on the right — rocky base; upper strata of rock is about 4 foot above water. This rock, as well as almost all others to be found on this river, is of a light blueish colour, and fine soft texture, entirely free of grit. It forms the base of the bluffs or steep banks, and lies in horizontal strata of 1 @ 3 foot thick; and in many places has the appearance of a stone-wall rising from beneath the water.

Branch on the left. At head of a Willow Island on the right.

124th *M.* . . . At mouth of a Creek on left, about 20 yards wide. Bluff on both sides. At head of a Willow Isle on the left. Strong current. — River 16 @ 20 foot deep. . . . Cane-brake bottom left . . . bluff L. & narrow Cane-brake R. . . . Bluff R. — Gentle current. Narrow Cane-brake bottom on left. — Bluff right. . . . Bluff on the left, and narrow bottom right.

125th *M.* Cane-brake & willow shore, left. Bluff on right. Strong current . . . mouth of a creek on left. At head of a Willow Island on the right. . . . Bluff on the L. . . . Gentle current.

126th *Mile.* At head of an Island near the right. Narrow Cane-brake right. . . . Bluff on the left — Caney bottom R.

127th *M.* . . . a small Willow Island near the L. Caney low

grounds on left . . . Bluff on right, at the upper end of which is the mouth of a branch. A small Willow Island nearest R. Willow shore and Cane-brake R.^t Bluff on the left . . . Strong current.

128th Mile. . . . At head of an Isle near R Caney low grounds L. Bluff R. At head of an Island nearest the left. Caney low grounds R & L. Bluff on the left

129th Mile. — At mouth of a branch left. At head of a Willow Isle near R A Patch of Willows near L.

130th Mile. — Caney low grounds on the L. A Creek on the right Bluff on right. Willow shore on the right Bluff on the left. Cane-brake low grounds on the right. At a branch on the right.

131st M. At term of course upper end of a high bluff, bordered by a great Prarie, on the right, on which we perceived a House — a truly interesting discovery to the whole of us. — being entirely out of provisions, and hoping here to find a supply; but on examination we find the house to contain nothing but an old chair. — We find in the Prarie a handsome flock of Cattle, and on the bluff, suitable enclosures for their management in Summer. The bluff is about 200 feet in height, and as nearly perpendicular as a Clay bank of equal altitude is usually found. This bluff is edged with Cedars. —

Bluff on right — Low grounds on L

132^d M. At term of course a Bluff on L. Cane-brake left & right. Bluff on the right.

133^d M. Halt, on account of an injury which my Time-piece received; and, being unable to repair it, make a *Second-Pendulum*, by which I obtain the time. (Line of Vibration 39 Inches.) A Bluff on the right. — Cane-brake left. A Branch on the right.

To 134th Mile. . . . Willow shore & Cane-brake left Narrow Cane-brake R Bluff on left. Cane-brake on the left Bluff on right.

135th Mile. At an Indian House on the Bluff, R. Halt for the day, in order to obtain a supply of provisions, with which we are furnished by M^r Riddle, who lives about 4 miles W.S.W. from this place, on the Oaknoxaby Creek.

January 21:st 1808 — Cloudy. Bluff on the left — Caney bottom right At head of a Willow Island — Left Current gentle.

136th Mile. Bluff on the left. — Caney bottom right a skirt [of] Cane-brake, L.

To 137th Mile. — Bluff on the left. Low grounds, R Caney

low grounds L & Right. Willow shore on the left. Bluff on the right — Caney bottom L.

138th M. To the mouth of *Oaknoxaby*. This creek is about 35 yards wide, and at this time, from 12 to 14 foot deep, for a small distance up it. Silas Dinsmoor Esq.^{r8} having surveyed the Tombigby River, *on land*, from Sintabogue to this place, and having, at Fort Stoddert, a Copy of his Notes, I should here terminate my survey, but for the expectation of obtaining data to correct my work above, as to *distance*. I, therefore, determine to proceed, as usual, for a few miles, and ascertain the difference between M^r. Dinsmoor's *admeasurement on Land*, and mine, by time, on water.

* * * * *

From the mouth of Oaknoxaby to this place [two miles down the Tombigbee], I find the velocity of the current to correspond very nearly with that above, and there is but little variation in the general appearance and depth of the river for the last two or three days sail.

Edmund P. Gaines
Captain 2nd Infantry

⁸Silas Dinsmore, a witty Scotch-Irishman from New Hampshire, became one of the more prominent pioneers in the Mississippi Territory. After serving as Choctaw Agent, he became the Principal Deputy Surveyor of the entire district east of the Island of Orleans. He was a friend of both Edmund Pendleton Gaines and George Strother Gaines.

“WITH LOYALTY AND HONOR AS A PATRIOT”
RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

edited by

Royce Shingleton

The following account is from “A Reminiscence of the Life of C[laude] L[ee] Hadaway, as a Confederate Soldier, . . . Including Battles, Marches, and Other Incidents.” Acting without the knowledge of his parents, Hadaway enlisted at age sixteen, and served from August 10, 1861, to April 26, 1865. The Alabama native participated in many campaigns during the war, including action in Tennessee, Mississippi, Kentucky, Georgia and North Carolina. Demonstrating that camp life could be as hazardous to a soldier as combat, Hadaway was never wounded or captured, but was sometimes sick — once with mumps and again with a severe case of “typhoid pneumonia.”

From his home in Bessemer, Alabama, Hadaway wrote of his wartime experience in February, 1913, at the request of the Bessemer chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He refuted any claim to scholarship, and pointed out that he made no attempt to disguise the facts. Hadaway's comments on Confederate civil and military leadership, as well as his belief concerning the probable outcome of the war, are especially interesting.

I am grateful to Deborah Lee Hadaway, a great-granddaughter of the Confederate soldier, for the use of this manuscript.

1861

TENNESSEE and MISSOURI

The company in which I enlisted was organized at Desotville, Choctaw County, Alabama, Jones Griffin, Captain. The company was known as the “Griffin Rifles”, we left home the first day of August 1861, and were mustered into the service of the Confederate States for the duration of the war, in the City of Montgomery, Ala., August 10th, 1861.

We were ordered to Memphis, Tenn.; we remained there for some time, from there we were mustered to Fort Pillow, Tenn., on the Mississippi River, Colonel L. M. Walker commanding the post. Here we were organized into a regiment, composed of four Alabama companies, four Tennessee and two Mississippi companies, electing Alpheus Baker of Eufaula, Ala., Colonel.

Up to this time, some four months, we had no arms. Colonel Baker conceived the idea of a wooden gun, this idea was put into practical shape at once by splitting into proper size ash timber with such tools as were at hand or could be secured. We borrowed guns from Col. Walker's Regiment, who were well armed with splendid Enfield rifles; these we used as patterns, with these wooden ash imitation of guns we learned (imperfectly of course) the manual of arms. This was the condition of the entire regiment, more than eleven hundred men. After a considerable time, we were told that we would be well armed with new Enfield rifles such as the 40th Tennessee (Walker's reg.) had. To our utter astonishment and disgust, when the guns came, they were the most disappointing conglomerated mass of steel and iron the eyes of man ever beheld. There were fine silver mounted rifles "Long Taws", or "Rake Tickets", some without locks, others with no tubes; shot guns, double and single barrel in the same condition; flint and steel musket without locks, others with no tubes; flint and steel musket without flint or steel, no doubt having done service in the war of 1812; Belgian rifles, all of the most antiquated pattern and make, utterly and absolutely useless. The above may seem an exaggeration, but it is literally true. The regiment in its entirety was never uniformly armed during the war and I had only such clothing as was sent me from home.

From Fort Pillow we were ordered to New Madrid, Mo. There I suffered from cold weather more than at any time during the war. I stood on picket duty there, with orders not to leave my post, having on my feet three pairs of heavy woolen socks, a pair of heavy boots, two pairs of pants of heavy woolen and undergarments, two shirts, two coats and an overcoat, and actually my feet and legs were stiff and my body in a tremble with cold, and the snow falling in flakes as large as the bowl of a teaspoon. You could scarcely see a person a hundred yards distant.

We evacuated that point at 2 o'clock at night, leaving two men asleep in a large farm house near where we were on picket and had been abandoned to the merciless fortune of war, those two men finding they were left, lost no time in getting to town, a half mile distant, but were too late; none of the pickets knew anything of the evacuation until we were marched aboard a gun-boat lying in wait for us, one of the men seeing a stage plank near-by eighteen feet long, shoved it into the river and got on it, and tried to get his companion to go with him, but he refused to take the risk; this man whose name was Daniel McFarlan, was never seen or heard of afterwards by any member of the company. Flinn, the other man, stuck to his stage plank until some distance below the Mo. line, his craft drifting to the Ark. side of the river, he disembarked and made his way down the river to Helena, thence across the river to Memphis, Tenn., in safety.

The main body of troops had preceded us up the river to Island 10, for what purpose I have never had an idea, except as subsequent events seem to prove that the movement was made in order to deliver the goods already agreed upon; this is not fiction. My company was on picket on the island, Lieutenant Henry T. Lindsey in command. The night was so dark that it was impossible to see an object any distance except by the flashes of lightning; in this way a gunboat and two transports slipped down below the island. Lieutenant Lindsey reported the facts to headquarters, and was threatened with arrest for making a false report, forty-eight hours later the Yankees were landing on the Tennessee side of the river by transports. This also was at first denied; about twenty-four hours later the troops were ordered out ostensibly to give battle, but in reality to capitulate, which was done without the firing of a gun, the sick were ordered to make their way to Tiptonville about fifteen miles down the river, where it was said a gunboat was in waiting for us. I will not give my opinion, more than to say, the movements, as results very clearly proved, were open to criticism and suspicion.

I was in my tent sick with mumps, which had developed to such a degree that I was unable for duty, and was ordered with others to Tiptonville as stated above, but the wagon I was with was very heavily loaded with ammunition and the road

was wet and muddy, consequently we got behind and took the wrong road which led us to a double log-house near the edge of Reel Foot Lake, here we stayed until morning as it was then about sundown. The next morning about daylight we heard the Yankees beating reveille which very naturally hastened our departure.

Taking two of the best mules and securing the services of a small boy who said he could guide us to a place where we could cross the lake; acting on his statement we started on a trail way through switch cane [but] to our astonishment we were soon at the edge of the lake with nothing in sight but an interminable sea of water; as I had made no arrangements for a trip north under such circumstances, I suggested to my companion that we go down the lake until some place presented a more encouraging chance of escape. This we did after trailing a while down the lake, we discovered that we were going parallel with the road we had left the evening before and as it seemed to offer a more pleasant and expeditious way of leaving our tracks behind us, we at once directed our steps that way; arriving at the ferry we found about 500 men at the ferry awaiting their chance at a flat boat, skiff, dugout, or anything that would float. They were infantry, cavalry, and artillery, each with their respective munitions of war. My companion, whose name was Rufus Parker, a native of Tuscaloosa, Ala., said to me after taking in the situation, "I have heard of a small flat boat across the lake, and when a certain skiff returns I am promised a seat in it, and I am coming back after you, so be on the lookout for me." We were then sitting on our mules in water as deep as the mules could stand and retain their footing.

The next morning after crossing the lake and having secured a little something to eat, we started across the country to Bell station one hundred miles distant, over roads muddy, boggy and almost impassable, rain and snow falling as a diversion, but our long weary tramp was at last rewarded, when all foot-sore and hungry and in a famishing condition, we saw the little station village at a distance. We boarded the trains as soon as they came along going to Memphis. Arriving at Memphis we went into camp. The news of our escape had preceded us, and the ladies (noble souls) for ten miles out in the country came in carriages, buggies, wagons, and by railroad and carried

us to their homes where we were Princely entertained, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, that only true Southern hospitality dispenses. [After] . . . ten days . . . we returned to Memphis and went again into camp.

1862

MISSISSIPPI, KENTUCKY and TENNESSEE

A short while after our return to Memphis, we were ordered to Corinth, Miss. The battle of Shiloh occurred on the 5th and 6th of April 1862, Saturday and Sunday. Island 10 was surrendered the 7th or 8th, Monday or Tuesday immediately following, I am not positive which. I was attached to the 22nd Alabama Regiment, and was in all the picket fighting and skirmishing at and around Corinth; was in the retreat the 22nd Alabama being the rear guard of the brigade covering the retreat of the main army. While engaged in tearing up a bridge across Tuscumbia creek the Yankees came up finding us hard at it, tearing and burning the bridge. I was up the creek on picket standing beside a small sweetgum tree. I noticed something was approaching from the opposite side of the creek through the cane, which was very thick and tall. At first I took very little notice of it, thinking it was a bog or cow; but noticed the cane was moved with caution and noiselessly. I then knew at once what to expect. I cautiously moved behind the gumtree and awaited further developments; a few minutes later I saw the outline of a man making for a hickory tree that stood in front of me. I recognized at once what he was and his object so I brought my gun to a firing position. I do not think he had seen me until he stuck his head from behind the tree. As he did so, he saw me and jerked his head back none too soon, for I had a deadly aim at his head which a second later would evidently have been fatal to him. He kept that hickory tree between us in such a manner as to make good his escape, and I do not blame him for I was in control of the situation, and was not there for my health. A few minutes later firing began up the creek. I hastened to the scene of action where we had a spirited contest as to who should occupy the west side of the creek—the Yanks or the Confederates. Finding they were not in our class in the contest they withdrew to safer quarters — about this time firing was heard down the creek

at the bridge — the Yankee cavalry had made a dash on the force that was tearing up the bridge; they met with such defiant, fatal and determined resistance that they became discouraged and fled unceremoniously without leaving their address or their probable destiny, leaving behind them their dead and wounded comrades, their dreams of brilliant victory and fleeing Rebels all lost.

Without further interruption we finished tearing up and burning the bridge, we left the swamp and went out on a little hill where the road forked; having had nothing to eat since the day before, we were greatly fatigued and ravenously hungry. We secured a very fine beef which was divided up, each getting a small piece; we had neither salt nor bread, so we broiled our little piece and ate it thankfully. I will explain why we were reduced to this condition. In a retreating army, where the retreat is conducted orderly and with good generalship, a regiment or brigade, as may be required, is ordered to march in the rear so as to cover the movements and protect the main army, the supply or wagon train generally travels in front of the main army so as to be under the protection of all the forces, this was the case in the instance just related, so we could not get to the supply wagon.

Several days after the occurrence related above, I was taken with Typhoid Pneumonia, foolishly remaining in camp refusing to report sick for fear that I would be sent to the hospital, for which I had a supreme contempt and horror, but as the army had to move on, and I was unable to take my place in ranks I had to submit to the inevitable. My suffering simply cannot be described here. It was in June 1862, I, with a number of others were put into a freight or box car as so many hogs, cows or horses; there we remained in the sun for three hours without water or anything that would alleviate our suffering. Why all this delay and suffering was permitted, I never knew unless it was to test our powers of endurance, and many did not survive the awful experience. The worst of my experience was still ahead. I had in some way got out of the car, and climbed on top, how in my fevered and weakened condition I do not know. Arriving at Artesia we were detained there some two hours or more; I was still on top of the car. While the car was in motion it was more pleasant. Finally we got to Columbus, Miss.;

how I got off the car I do not know, nor how I got to the place called the hospital, which consisted of ordinary company or mess tents, no cots nor bedding of any kind, situated in the woods on a little creek with a spring under a bluff, reached by a rugged circuitous pathway. Here I found myself a little before sundown, how I came there I never knew; having had no water since boarding the car that morning, the agonies of my thirst were simply inexpressible. I asked those passing to and from the spring for water, but was unheeded. Finally I resolved that I would have water or die in the effort to get it, I crawled down cautiously the little winding pathway, to that fountain where the pure elixir of life was flowing freely and bountifully. Having slaked my thirst, I crawled back to [the] top of the bluff, there I again lost consciousness. The next day, having regained consciousness, I found that I was in a small tent as before described, lying on the ground with one lone blanket under me and my knapsack for a pillow, and a sick man on either side of me elbow to elbow. Sometime that night I became insensible for how long I do not know. I only know that one of the men was dead and buried, the other lying beside me a corpse. When I regained consciousness my battle for life was not ended. I had conquered the disease more by a perfect constitution and invincible will force than by the skill of physicians or the attention of nurses or comfortable and sanitary surroundings, my worst enemies now were hunger and the doctors, so my next battle was to satisfy hunger, defeat the doctors in trying to starve me to death, and thereby cheat death out of an unwilling victim. This I did with the aid of a kind old gentleman who knew me when a small boy as a Sunday School scholar. He at first refused to join me in my plot to defeat the doctors by accruing something more nourishing than the regulation diet prescribed by the doctors. Well, I pulled through and reported to my command at the earliest moment possible.

In August we broke camps for the Kentucky campaign, which was the hardest and the most fruitless in proportion to troops engaged and results obtained, of any campaign conducted in the Tennessee Department of the army. It was claimed that there were a great many secessionists throughout the state that would join the Confederate army, but were prevented from doing so because of a strong union sentiment in certain sections

of the state. This of course looked plausible, especially so, when it was known the state legislature was nearly equally divided on the passage of an ordinance declaring the state's withdrawal from the Union, but the sequel of the campaign showed that it was ill-advised. We lost more men killed by bushwackers than were gained by enlistment, to say nothing of the number of men who were completely broken down and exhausted from forced marching night and day, and had fallen behind and were picked up and paroled by the Yankees. It is true we captured Mumfordsville, . . . between five and seven thousand prisoners, about ten thousand stands of small arms, [and] some light artillery and cavalry. The battle of Perryville so far as the decision of arms was concerned was to the credit of the Confederates, but was barren of any substantial benefit or advantage to the campaign. At camp Dick Roberson, I saw in a plot of ground some ten acres in scope I suppose, barrels of pickled pork standing end up all over that plot of ground, at least as far as I could see, every barrel of which was burned while the army was sorely pressed for rations, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound being a man's ration, or what was issued for a day. I saw hundreds of the finest beef cattle driven so fast over stony turnpike roads their feet were worn to the quick and unable to travel. They were killed and left on the side of the road, I saw army wagons laden to the limit with Kentucky Jeans of all colors and weight, that was to be made into clothing for the Confederate Soldiers, but I never saw a suit nor a garment made of it, nor anyone else that did. What became of it I was never allowed to know, what I have written may not be recorded in the so-called "history of the Civil War", but nevertheless it is true, for I personally [was] present from Tupelo, Miss. to Knoxville, Tenn. where the campaign ended.

I will relate one or two personal incidents that will verify what I have said above. I bought from a comrade a pair of new shoes that he had been lugging around for some time, as he proposed to sell them cheap. I thought I was doing a wise act in buying them. I had on a pair of good shoes and really did not need the shoes at all, we usually marched until ten or 11 o'clock at night, often much longer. I had lugged my new purchase around for several days when marching very hard all day, and until 12 at night having just got settled down,

some had gone to sleep, we were suddenly called to arms about 2:30. To leave off unnecessary weight I took off my old shoes and donned the new ones. When we were not at double-quick we were at a half-run and a half-walk. This speed was maintained until nearly daylight when we stopped and slept until sun-up. Very early . . . [my] new shoes [had begun] . . . to give notice that they were not accustomed to being trampled upon over stone pike roads. Finally I began to use my knife on the offending shoes, the more I used the knife the less shoe I had left and no substantial relief was given to the offended foot. Finally the shoes or what was left of them were abandoned entirely and I marched the remainder of the night barefooted. The next morning I could not stand on my feet. They were swollen and as inflexible as a board, and of not much more service for locomotion. Consequently I was relegated to the wagon train for repairs. My feet were swollen until the bottom of them were as round as a beaver's tail. Now this is clearly a case of avoidable suffering, and other discomforts brought about by my own unwise conduct. I will mention one more case in which suffering, discomforts and perhaps death might have been avoided, which the victim in no way was responsible for.

There was a young man by the name of Tom Ray who was stricken down with pneumonia a few days after we got to Knoxville, Tenn.; the weather was fearfully bad, sleeting and snowing with no tents, and but few blankets. Some men had none at all, this man and his brother had three at this time, one on the bare ground, one stretched over Tom to protect him from the sleet and snow, and one for cover. The two men were not of a very genial spirit, and I had never cultivated any intimacy with them, but learning Tom was very sick I went to see him and found him in the condition I have described. I had but one blanket, and I gave that to him, but the poor fellow died. Now this man was willfully neglected, for it was only about a mile to town, where he could have been carried to the hospital and been more comfortable if not his life saved.

General Bragg was rated as a great general, and perhaps my judgment and not his generalship is a fault when I say he showed very poor generalship throughout the Kentucky campaign. It has been said that Gen. Bragg was a great disciplinarian, in a way that was true, bordering largely on tyranny.

His discipline, mainly, was brute force, he seemed to overlook the fact that the southern soldiery, rank and file, mainly were of the first and best blood of this chivalrous southland, and was the equal of him or any other man in point of patriotism, honor in duty, pride, principal or courage, his knowledge of military affairs only excelled.

A short while after we reached Knoxville I was transferred to my old command, which had been exchanged and was at Holly Springs, Miss. Having returned to my old command, I felt like I had got back home sure enough. Well, nothing of importance happened for some time. We went to Grenada and camped about one mile east of town. We called it Camp Lovell, right here I saw some of the most wonderful beef that it was every my misfortune to see or try to eat. We drew rations of beef one day, and our rule was that messes take it by turns in drawing first choice and so on to the last. This day the Orderly Sergeant's mess was to draw last, the head of each mess had taken his choice down to the last which of course fell to the orderly. It was the flanky skirt joined to the hind quarter with last rib to it. There was a rough-bark red oak tree that stood nearby. Bill picked up the piece of imposition, threw it against the tree, it wrapped itself around the tree and stuck there as long as we remained there. It is no exaggeration to say that there was not enough tallow in the amount of beef required for a company's ration to grease a pair of new russett shoes. While it was in process of cooking it smelled like a glue factory. Afterwards you had the glue in evidence. Some of the boys went out to the slaughter pen on a tour of investigation. When they came back they reported that they saw in a pen a lot of emaciated cattle. They saw a number of small poles placed at intervals over the pen and a man following the frame of what appeared to have once been a very fine steer, but now only the skeleton of a beast with a large head of horns. When the man was asked what the poles were for, he replied, "You see it's this way, when we get an order for the next day's rations we select one we think will fill the order and start him over the pen; if he gets over the poles pretty lively without falling down, we excuse him for a while longer; if he falls down in his effort to step over the poles he is served for the next day's rations." I am not responsible for the report, but conditions and circumstances seemed to justify it.

We left Grenada for Yazoo City, from there we went up the river, where the Tallahassee [sic] and the Yazoo come together. We remained there the balance of the winter. Our camp was about one mile below the two rivers. We cut all the timber between the two rivers. It was [a] difficult, laborious undertaking, with nothing but club axes to work with. This was done to give a commanding view from one river to the other. It was said that the Yankees were cutting a canal from the Miss. river into the Tallahassee [sic] River, the idea seemed very absurd, for the Tallahassee [sic] was very narrow and hardly navigable for very small boats, and much less so for gun boats. I never saw or heard of a Yankee anywhere in that part of the state, but suppose it served some purpose.

1863

MISSISSIPPI

Very little of interest happened after we left this place until the battle of Baker's Creek. We left Vicksburg on Saturday and marched to Big Black Railroad Bridge, there we left our baggage and non-combatants. That night we camped in Big Black swamp and made preparations for the struggle next day, some slept while others cooked. We had no cooking utensils except such as could be tied to the cartridge belt or strapped to the back where the knapsack was usually worn, but our wardrobe had long since been reduced to such extremities as to afford but little weight or inconvenience in transportation.

A beautiful bright sun-kissed Sabbath morning came, finding us fatigued and weary from loss of sleep, and scantily provided with rations. Nevertheless we were ready for the struggle. My brigade was commanded by Gen. Lloyd Tillman [sic] from Kentucky; a more gallant and fearless officer was not in the "C.A." We were soon in full action. Our position was to the west of the Champion residence, situated on a hill to our right. The enemy finding they could not break the center of our line began massing their forces on our left toward the creek. Tillman's [sic] brigade was double quickened to reinforce our left wing, which under the galling fire of great odds, had begun to waver. Here Gen. Tillman [sic] was killed, while adjusting a twelve-pound Howitzer just to the right of my regiment, 54th

Ala.; Col. Baker was wounded, also his horse, but neither left the field of battle. We lost and killed and wounded a good many, but I do not now remember the number. As to the success of arms it was about a draw. Now it is not my intention to do anyone an injustice, but I will not disguise facts to shield anyone, but will relate facts as they actually occurred.

Late in the evening, the Confederate troops were withdrawn and ordered into Vicksburg. This was a fatal stroke to the Confederate Cause, as it was well known to the rank and file that the Yankees were in absolute control of the Mississippi river from Cairo to Vicksburg, [with] the Miss. river a mile wide on the west, a victorious and superior force east and in front, [and the enemy] also in possession of Port Gibson, twenty miles below. You will pardon me for saying it looked indeed like the work of a Benedict Arnold of Revolutionary fame, only more successful. Gen. William Loring refused flatly to take his division into Vicksburg as ordered, realizing the situation as stated above. So when the shades of evening had cleverly gathered, we took up our line of escape through a wooded strip lying between the battle field and Baker's Creek. I have never read a page of any history of the Confederate War, and I do not know whether Loring's escape with his entire division [from] the siege of Vicksburg was ever written or not, but this I will say without the fear of successful contradiction [that] for daring and skillful generalship, it had no equal during the four years of hostilities between the States.

Well, we had made our escape and were at Crystal Springs. After drawing rations and resting a short while, we pushed on to Jackson. Let me tell you something about Jackson. We had a short while before the battle of Baker's Creek stopped in Jackson and camped south west a short distance from town; the boys would go to town, some with permission, others no doubt without it. It seems the presence of soldiers on the sidewalks was very offensive to some of the elite and chosen few of the immaculate citizens of the metropolis, so the soldiers were ordered from the sidewalks. Of course, this was resented by the soldiers and justly so; under proper proceedings, the city authorities could have had protection by the military and civil laws. Also no Confederate soldier was immune from punishment for violating the law, either civil or military. The boys

possibly had imbibed pretty freely of the "Oh be joyful", and were no doubt somewhat jubilant over the fact that they had not been killed in battling for the protection of Jackson, and the state of Miss. Now this was not all. The great city — Jackson, had been so outraged by Confederate soldiers walking upon her sidewalks that the angelic and sainted mayor and board of aldermen were going to pass an ordinance forbidding a Confederate soldier walking upon the sidewalks of the city. This came to the notice of Gen. Loring. He notified the authorities that should they do such a thing it would be impossible to restrain the men, and he would not be responsible for the result. I will only say that it would have been a sad and costly ordinance to Jackson.

A short while after we reached Jackson, after our escape from the siege of Vicksburg, the second battle at Jackson occurred. The battleground was east of Jackson, between a field of very fine corn and a small creek; our brigade was on the left wing of the division; as we emerged from the field of corn, the enemy seemed to be surprised. We reserved our fire until within less than fifty yards of them, when we fired a simultaneous volley, and a rushing charge and firing as we advanced. This was too much for Mr. Yank. We pursued them to the creek, when we fell back near the fence of the corn field, mentioned above. It seemed like the Yanks didn't get mad until they got across the creek and out of range of our guns. They then kept up a desultory firing forcing us to lie down among the dead and wounded. In this position we remained while a detail from each company was engaged in constructing temporary breastworks; the weather being intensely hot, and between twelve and one o'clock it rained a heavy shower. The dead and wounded were lying around apparently thick enough to step from one body to the next one. I had for protection from the scorching rays of the sun, which had shone out with intensified heat after the rain, a clump of small bushes, which only afforded partial protection for my head and shoulders. There were several dead men lying near me, soon the heat of the sun and the dampness of the clothing of the dead created a condition easier imagined than expressed. About three o'clock in the afternoon we occupied the breastworks. To our right further down the line, was a skirt of woods that afforded a better protection from the distressing heat of the sun, and concealed the

men from the aggravating and searching bullets of the Yankee Springfield rifle, that would carry with deadly effect easily four hundred yards. We had very few of such guns.

Here, you will pardon a personal reference to myself. I have never claimed to be brave nor conspicuously courageous, but I never hesitate to relieve suffering and distress when it is in my power so to do, though danger and life itself might be involved. Obliquely from where I was I saw a man sitting at the root of a tree, his piteous moans and cries for water attracted my attention and my sympathy was at once enlisted; [since] a detail had just returned from the creek with water, I took my canteen and turned to my captain saying that I was going to carry that poor fellow some water; he remonstrated, saying it was suicide, but I insisted that I could return safely, so I got over the breastworks and threaded my way through the dead and dying to where the wounded man was sitting. I found he was fatally wounded in the larynx, at every gasp for breath the blood would gush from the ghastly wound. I said to him, "my poor fellow, you seem to be badly wounded." "Oh, my God," said he, "I am famishing for water." I handed him the canteen which contained about five pints; he drank nearly the entire contents and handed me the canteen with a look of humble thankfulness. He was a federal soldier and apparently from some one of the New England states. He died sitting against the tree. I returned safely to the breastworks. As my mind was absorbed in my mission I gave no heed to whistling and whizzing bullets.

Nothing startling or of importance occurred after this except the tragic death of young Lloyd Tillman [*sic*], son of Gen'l Tillman [*sic*] who was killed at Baker's Creek battle. Young Tillman [*sic*] was sitting on his horse on an embankment near the railroad, a freight was pulling in slowly, when opposite young Tillman [*sic*] a shrill blast from the engine frightened the horse, he whirled suddenly, his rider was unseated and his brains knocked out against a pine tree nearby. This occurred at Morton, Miss.

1864

GEORGIA

We spent the winter at Canton, east of town. About the last of January or the first of February we broke camps, Col.

Baker having been promoted to Brig. General to succeed Gen. Moore, who was then at Dalton, Ga. Gen. Baker secured permission to take his old regiment with him and give them all a thirty day furlough. We marched through the country to Meridian, from there we went by rail to Selma, Ala., one-half of the regiment was furloughed from there. The other half was sent to Cahaba on the Alabama river to guard Federal prisoners until the first half returned. All having returned, we proceeded to Dalton under command of our former Lietu. Col. John A. Minter, now Col. Gen. Baker having preceded the regiment to Dalton to assume command of the Moore Brigade, his old regiment, 54th Ala., soon rejoined him at Dalton, Ga. Very soon after this, the memorable Georgia campaign was opened, the point of interest in the campaign was the battle of Resaca. Here my brigade and regiment suffered fearfully. My brother known to Gen. Baker for his intrepidity, was sent by the General with a message to the Commander of the skirmish line; [but] unknown to the General the [Confederate] skirmishers had been withdrawn at this point, and the enemy . . . [waited in] ambush. My brother got within forty steps of the Yankees before he discovered the mistake, and as he whirled to retreat, he was shot down. The Yankees supposing they had killed him took no further notice of him, until the next day. He was reported missing and I never knew whether he was dead or alive, until a short while before the surrender. My company (letter C) was the color company, and was in the center of the regiment, which always loses more than any other company in the regiment, by reasons of the flag whose position was in the center of Co. "C" . . . which is always the color company. In this battle our loss was fearful. Some of the best blood of the South was spilt in the battle of Resaca. G. L. Young, Elisha Cole, Dick Ferrell and four others were killed. W. C. Hadaway (my brother), Sol Kelley and twelve others were wounded.

There were many amusing incidents in time of battle and on the battlefield that would force smiles. For instance I saw a courier I suppose with orders crossing the bridge in full run when about midway of the bridge a cannon ball struck his horse, killing him instantly, but did not hurt the rider. If so, it did not impede his powers of locomotion, for he never lost the step. He kept right on in full gallop on his hands and feet until he reached the top of the hill, there he straightened up and simply

put the record for speed to shame. Whether his actions were induced by an intense desire to deliver the order or to escape the fate of his horse, I do not know; in either case he had my sympathies.

It may be stated that our retreat to Atlanta started from and after the battle of Resaca, with varied success and defeats, defeats not from a lack of courage in the Confederate soldier, for his indomitable bravery, his fortitude, his powers of endurance, his dare to do or die, have no parallel in the annals of un-civilized warfare. It was not lack of generalship, for be it said Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was second to no man on this continent or any that ever was, certainly it was not Sherman of the Federal army, nor Hood of the Confederate army. Do you say I put it too strong? Listen, when the Georgia and Atlanta campaign opened, the active field forces of the Confederate army were less than 40,000 fighting men. While the Federals marshalled a force over 200,000 with vastly superior equipment. Yet, from the actions of the War Department at Richmond, Gen. Johnston was expected to annihilate Sherman's army at one fell sweep. More of this anon.

The battles of the 22nd of June and the 22nd and 23rd of July were heart-rending scenes of death and bloodshed, with picket fighting and skirmishing; being flanked by superior numbers, first our right, then our left, we could never hold the battle field and retreat was inevitable. Thus it was until we reached Atlanta. The battles of New Hope Church, noonday [sic] or Peach Tree Creek, Hopewell, finally Atlanta in all of these battles, never was such heroism, such reckless bravery, displayed upon the battlefield, except by the Southern soldier, I cannot refrain from mentioning one matchless act of bravery by a member of my company, whose name was Thad Lanier. He was quite a small man only 5 feet 6 inches high, weighing 124 pounds. Thad and two others were assigned to a vidette. The enemy made a heavy skirmish attack, driving in the left wing of our picket line, which uncovered the line of videttes. Lanier and his companions, not hearing the command to fall back, stuck to their vidette; one was killed, leaving the two, Lanier and Kelley. Kelley loaded and Lanier did the shooting; [after] killing and wounding six, [and] braining a seventh with the butt of his gun, [the two] made good their escape.

I have now come to deal with a question that is fraught with various degrees of opinions, but I shall approach the subject from my own viewpoint and observation. Sometime in August (I do not remember the precise date) an order from the War Department was received relieving Gen. Johnston from the Army of Tennessee, and appointing Gen. John B. Hood to succeed him. Here the death knell of the Confederate Cause was sounded, as soon as the news was confirmed. Men would gather in groups with dejected and saddened countenances as though they had received the intelligence of the death of some loved one from home. This condition was not confined to any particular regiment or brigade, but was universal throughout the army. It was perhaps true, that bitter complaints were made to the authorities at Richmond by the citizens whose homes were being devastated and property ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed by an army of cut throats, rapists, murderers of helpless old men, women and children; incendiaries, thieves of the blackest depraved character, masquarading as United States soldiers under the flag of a civilized Christian government. It is also true that such conditions would very naturally be resented by any self-respecting people, but Gen. Johnston could not be justly charged with a lack of ability, courage nor partisanship, for be it said without fear of successful contradiction he did not have a superior as a military commander on this continent; this was conceded by Gen. R. E. Lee, for when Lee was asked by President Davis to become Generalissimo of the Confederate Armies, he referred President Davis to Gen. Johnston, saying that he could not afford to accept command over Gen. Johnston. He said, "I do not consider Gen. Joseph E. Johnston as a Military Commander, second to any man living." Who was better qualiifed to know this than Gen. Lee? Certainly it was no one at Richmond. Did the battle of Franklin, Tenn., show the wisdom of the change? Such a reckless sacrifice of life was not enacted during the unequal struggle.

Now, I would not pluck one laurel from Gen. R. E. Lee's heroic life as a soldier, nor bedim one star in the firmament of his greatness as a military chieftain, nor cast a slur or a stigma upon his noble Christian character, and I do Gen. Lee no injustice when I say that Gen. Johnston in nobility of character and as a military genius and a patriot was the equal of any man of his day or before him. The Georgia campaign was in many

respects a marvelous exhibition of military genius and skill. It must be borne in mind that Gen. Johnston never had the advantages of his contemporaries, not even the confidential support due him at Richmond. Confronted by an enemy two-thirds greater than his own force and with all necessary equipment in extravagant abundance, Gen. Johnston with a force whose principal assets were their indomitable courage, bravery, powers of endurance, determination and implicit confidence in their beloved chieftan. Fed with less than half rations, shabbily clothed, many not having a garment with which to make a change, even had they the time to do so, building, breastworks, picketing, skirmishing, fighting when it was possible to force the enemy to fight, for it is a fact beyond dispute [that] Sherman even with his superior force would resort to a flank movement, forcing the Confederates to fall back leaving the battlefield in possession of the Yankees; thus it was from Dalton to Atlanta for five months. I will close my remarks on the Georgia campaign and the removal of Gen. Johnston by saying that the result at Franklin, Tenn., shows the style of wisdom dispensed at Richmond, Va. 1861-65 inclusive. After the battle of Franklin, Gen. Johnston was again put in command of the remnant of the Tennessee Army, [which was] demoralized, discouraged and some commands [were] without arms. Confidence was soon restored, [however], and the army fitted out for operations in North Carolina.

1865

NORTH CAROLINA

We went by rail to Augusta, Ga., thence through the country to Chesterfield, S. C., [and] from there to Raleigh, N. C.. Here I learned from an exchanged prisoner that my brother, who was reported missing at the battle of Resaca, Ga., was desperately wounded, but survived it. The next point of interest was the battle of Bentonville, N. C. March 18 and 19, 1865, Sunday and Monday. Baker's brigade was in the center of Stewart's corps. The brigade had been held in reserve, for further down the line in a skirt of woods, beyond and in front of us, was a pine thicket, on the other side of this the heat of the fight was goin on, [and] we had been ordered to lie down. It was not necessary to repeat this order, for the stray balls were thick

and very insinuating. In a few minutes a roaring in front of us—akin to a fair-sized cyclone, proved to be our own troops seeking safety in a way not taught in military tactics; they were stampeded beyond control. Well, it was laughable though the occasion was a serious one. In their pellmell haste for safety, nothing seemed to impede their flight. They tramped up on us, and as we would attempt to get up some fellow in his blind flight would run against us, upsetting our person and our calculations; they offered no apologies for their rudeness, nor did they look back to see if we were able to rise again, but sped onward with ever increasing energy and hope for safety. Well, we were rushed into action without much deliberation. The Federals had become so enraged at the fleeing "Johnny Rebs" that we killed and wounded a great many of them before we could check their mad rush. The killing and wounding was by no means unanimously in our favor, for my Captain who was right by my side about ten feet in advance of the company, fell desperately wounded in the first volley; this seem[ed] to so enrage the company, that without orders we raised a yell that echoed with revenge. The regiment followed and the charge at once became general down the line. In the charge we lost three, killed and wounded, in my company. I do not know how many the regiment lost in all; our loss was small comparatively speaking. We pushed them back some distance across a ravine to a line of breastworks.

Here we met a condition I have never been able to understand. We got within possibly fifty yards of the breastworks and everything stopped, firing had ceased, and there was not a Federal in sight. There was a double line of breastworks for a short distance to the right and left of our regiment, the ends of which circled into the main line thus forming, as we termed it, the "bull pen". Immediately in front of my regiment was a gap or opening. There was not in sight an officer above the rank of lieutenant. There we stood, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. You will pardon a personal reference here, I am sure it is not made in a spirit of braggadocio nor egotism, for I have passed through too many dangerous and risky places to boast of them now. I could see no reason why we should not advance to the breastworks, but no orders were given to advance nor retreat, so I remarked to Leut. Joe Abney, that I was going to see what was behind those breastworks. Accordingly, I

advanced to the works about twenty feet to the right of the gap or opening mentioned above; as I reached the breastworks seven Federals rose up from behind the works and threw up their hands and guns. About this time Lt. John Carpenter of Co. H and a member of his company by the name of Brooks came up and I turned the seven prisoners over to them to be carried to the rear, though they surrendered to me; up to this time no one had reached the breastworks except myself.

Immediately following this Jim Flinn, the man who made his escape on a stage plank from New Madrid, Mo., [and] who was color bearer at this time, walked through this gap spoken of into this "bull pen" about midway he stopped, planted his flag in front of him [and] looked back over his left shoulder; as he did so a minnie ball from the breastworks beyond pierced his heart, killing him instantly. I immediately jumped over the breastworks and ran to Jim, but a member of Co. E, with the advantage of about twenty steps, beat me and secured the flag. He should have gone with Flinn at first, as he was one of the color guards. A short while before this the war department had raised all color bearers to the rank of Brevet Lieut. Jim had bought some very nice Confederate gray cloth to make him a suit in keeping with his rank; this and his other personal effects I recovered. Of course this occupied several minutes, and strange to say there was not a gun fired during the time, nor was there a Federal in sight. The regiment had advanced to the breastworks, here we stood, not an officer above the rank of first lieutenant in sight, if there ever was an order to retreat or do anything else, I never heard it; in this I was not alone. In a few minutes the troops on our right began to leave; soon it became general. Lt. Joe Abney and myself only were left at the breastworks, not a soul, friend or foe, was in sight; we stood there dumb with astonishment and expenctancy. Finally without a word to me, Joe started off. Having gone about fifteen or twenty steps I called to him and asked him if he was going to leave me. He replied there was no use in staying there. His answer was not satisfactory or in line with my conception of my duty. Still I remained until he had entirely disappeared. There being no one else present nor in sight I assumed command of myself then as I had a right to do both military and civil. I started at a lively clip, but had not gone far before firing in my immediate rear and commands of "halt" were heard. I

looked back and the Federals had risen up from behind that "bull pen" as thick as black birds on a horse-lot fence. Well, a command to hurry up would have been a reflection upon my judgment as to what constitutes safety in such emergencies. I simply pulled the throttle wide open and shut my mouth to prevent the unnecessary escape of steam, and went. The bullets were whistling all around me so thick that only the protecting hand of the good Lord enabled me to escape. I had often said that the Federals had never made a bullet to kill me, nor organized an army big enough to capture me, but the situation seemed to place my boasts in the doubtful column this time. However, I made it to the ravine to which a short while before we had driven the Federals. Through this ravine with dark-looking waters ran a branch as I supposed about three or four feet wide. By this time the Federals had ceased firing, and I had reduced my speed to something like a turkey trot, reaching the branch I made as I thought a tremendous leap for the opposite bank, but to my utter disgust I landed about midway the branch in mud and water waist deep. Then there was a road running parallel with the ravine. As I emerged from the bushes I met Gen. Stewart. Our meeting had not been previously arranged, but seemed to amuse the General none the less. Viewing my bedraggled and drenched appearance [from] horseback no doubt was very amusing, and very ludicrous. I asked the general if he could tell me where Baker's brigade was, "Bless you my boy", said he, "I do not know where anybody is," but advised me to go to the field hospital and stay until morning. It was then some bit after sunset.

I will go back to Lt. Abney and tell what became of him and five hundred others with four stands of colors. In leaving the breastworks they went southeast, when they should have gone northwest, which was the same route that we came in, the route to the southeast led them into the Federal lines. They realized this too late to retrace the route already gone over, thus they were forced to march all night and the next day [until] 12 o'clock, thereby flanking the entire Federal army. The boys told a very interesting story of their escape. The next day, [that is] the same day the boys got back from their flanking movement, we were discussing the battle of the day before and its results. Gen. Baker was present, John Carpenter, the lieutenant to whom I turned over the prisoners was present also.

After a while Gen. Baker turned to Carpenter saying "I understand Lt. you captured seven of the Blue Coats" dropping his eyes down and with a sickly contemptible grin in a low tone almost inaudible Lt. Carpenter replied "Yes Sir" and looked at me. Lt. Abney, sitting by me, slapped me on the shoulder, [and] remarked as he did so "this is the boy, General, that captured those seven Yankees, for I was an eye witness to it."

Well, about three o'clock that afternoon it was reported that Gen. Blair with the 17th Army Corps was executing a flanking movement on our left. Gen. Wheeler was holding them in check, and was being hard pressed. Gen. Baker with his brigade was ordered to the rescue. This meant a double quick movement and a hard fight. It commenced to rain on us soon after we started, and continued until near the scene of action. We were soon put in line of battle at the base of an open piney woods ridge. We hastily ascended the slope of the ridge; descending the ridge on the south side, we engaged the enemy, driving them back some distance. [As] night came on the enemy withdrew defeated, leaving the Confederates masters of the situation for the time being at least. We fell back to the top of the ridge, where with old pine logs, chunks and such else as we could get, we built something like videttes to protect us from stray balls. This was absolutely the last battle of the Tennessee Army—also known as Johnston's Army.

About two o'clock at night, March 21 (it being past midnight), 1865, the Tennessee Army made the last retreat from the front of the Federal army to a point north of Smithfield Station, Johnston County, North Carolina. Here the army was consolidated, regiments were reduced to companies, brigades to regiments and so on throughout the army. The 54th Alabama was reduced to one company with about 100 rank and file, less than my company had when the regiment was organized in November, 1861. . . . from November, 1861, to April, 1865, the regiment lost about 1200 men, including killed in battle, death from wounds and sickness, and missing. The brigade at the time of its consolidation was composed of the 37th, 40th, 42nd, and 54th Alabama regiments. The 37th, 40th and 54th were consolidated and composed the 37th Alabama as consolidated. The field officers of the 54th were all retained, John A. Minter, Col.; I. H. Shackelford, Lt. Col.; John A. Abney promoted to Captain. All officers of the old company were re-

tained with some promotions from ranks, your humble servant being one thus honored. The old Company letter C was retained also.

About this time we received the official announcement of Genl. Lee's surrender. This information caused no very great surprise for it had been fully realized ever since the day it was officially announced in front of Atlanta that Gen. Johnston had been relieved of the command of the Army of Tennessee that it was only a question of time, not very far in the future, when the Confederate armies north and south would collapse. In fact, it had been patent to every observant mind from the day Vicksburg surrendered that every Confederate soldier killed was a hopeless and a cruel sacrifice. With the Mississippi River absolutely in the possession of the Federals from Cairo to New Orleans and none daring to molest or make them afraid, what else could be looked forward to or expected? With the reorganization of the army completed, we broke camps for the last time, and took up a line of march for Greensboro, N. C. Nothing of importance occurred during the trip. Arriving at Greensboro, WE BIVOUACKED FOR THE LAST TIME as an organized army. A report became current that Gen. Johnston was going to cut his way out. Of course such a thing was absurd, but the report had its effect on some of the troops, notably some of the N. C. troops, who it was said, were deserting. I know this much of the report to be true, however; I was strolling around town late one evening when passing a large residence, I noticed a group of soldiers in front of the house and someone on the veranda of the second story who seemed to be making a speech. My curiosity led me to step inside and hear what was being said; I learned that the soldiers were N. C. troops and the man making the speech was Gen. Vance. I learned from the General's remarks that the N. C. troops were disbanding and going home, and he was urging them to desist from such disgraceful conduct, that an armistice had been agreed upon and negotiations for peace had been entered into, and peace would be declared at the expiration of the armistice. I did not stay to hear anything more, but hied to camp and related what I had seen and heard. Capt. Abney and myself went through camps spreading the news.

In a few days it was officially announced that Gen. Johnston had surrendered. Thus the 26th day of April, 1865, closed the

organized existence of the Tennessee Army. The battle flag of the 54th Alabama regiment was never surrendered, it was literally honeycombed with bullet holes, and was finally torn into small pieces and divided up among the boys, each getting a piece. I have a piece of it at this time that I cherish as a sacred memento. I will now close by saying that I served the State of Alabama, my native state, as a volunteer Confederate soldier willingly and faithfully, in victory, in defeat, in hunger, in cold and heat, scantily clothed, in prosperity and adversity, with loyalty and honor as a patriot, and with the fidelity and cheerfulness of a true soldier, from the 10th of August, 1861, to April 25, 1865. I was never wounded, nor a prisoner, and to this good day I have no apology to offer to any man for the part I took and the services I rendered.

BOOK REVIEWS

Letters From Alabama, 1817-1822. By Anne Newport Royall, Biographical Introduction and Notes by Lucille Griffith. University, Alabama: University of Alabama Press, 1969. Southern Historical Publications No. 14. Pp. 292. \$7.50.

Ann Newport Royall (1769-1854) was one of the first writers with something of a national reputation to publish accounts of life and travel in what is now the state of Alabama. She arrived in Alabama for the first time in December, 1817 and traveled around the state for about five years, chiefly in the Tennessee Valley, ending her sojourn in Alabama in July, 1823. Almost all of the remaining thirty-one years of her life are associated with the nation's capital where she made her reputation as a writer of travel books and as editor of the weekly newspapers *Paul Pry* (1831-1836) and *The Huntress* (1836-1854).

In all, Mrs. Royall published eleven volumes in a period of about five years (1826-1831), and except for the opening pages of her first book, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States* (1826), only *Letters From Alabama* deals at length with the life and conditions in this state. *Letters* was the eighth of her published volumes, but is based on material gathered during her travels in the Alabama Territory and the State of Alabama between 1817 and 1822.

Letters From Alabama, originally published in 1830, is completely reset in this new edition. The book contains fifty letters, the first fourteen of which were written in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee before Mrs. Royall arrived in Huntsville, Alabama, on Christmas Eve, 1817. For students of life on the American frontier the letters give extremely valuable accounts of customs, travel conditions, roadside accommodations, and religious and political attitudes of the people of the back-country. In addition, Mrs. Royall described in detail the varieties of soil, of the forests, and of the crops throughout the region she traveled.

Mrs. Royall had come to Alabama a wealthy widow, but after the successful contest of her husband's will by his lateral

relatives, she was left, at the age of fifty-four, penniless. Fighting poverty, ill health, and old age, Mrs. Royall earned a livelihood through her writings for the ensuing thirty years of her life, first as an author of travel books and later as a journalist in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Royall's life is more fascinating than anything she ever wrote, and Professor Griffith has performed a great service by including a biographical essay together with extensive annotations and a very useful index to her edition of *Letters From Alabama*.

Those interested in a very readable glimpse of life in early Alabama and scholars interested in the social history of the American frontier will find *Letters From Alabama* a valuable contribution to *Alabamiana*.

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The Debate Over Slavery: Stanley Elkins and his critics. Edited by Ann J. Lane. (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1971. Pp. 378, \$8.95.)

This is a collection of fourteen essays, all of which except for Stanley Elkin's rejoinder, are reprinted from earlier publications. The editor Ann J. Lane succeeds substantially in presenting a coherent critique of one of the most controversial renditions of the slave experience in the Americas.

Elkins, as Professor Lane notes, forced the discussion of the slave system in this country to be examined within the larger view of slavery in the Caribbean and Latin-America. He extended disciplines, as well as geography, by utilizing tools of sociology, psychology, and anthropology. Another important achievement of *Slavery* was its timeliness. Published in 1959 at the inception of the civil rights-black awareness movements, the book was soon embroiled in polemics.

Essentially Elkins developed three propositions in his quest to "alter the traditional ways in which slavery in the United States was viewed." Borrowing from his mentor Frank Tan-

nenbaum, author of *Slave and Citizen in the Americas*, Elkins contrasted the Portugese slave system in Brazil with American slavery. He concluded that in Catholic Brazil canon law required that the humanity of the slave be preserved and the bondsman afforded numerous opportunities for manumission. Iberian slavery, he held, also reflected a relative lack of racism. Thus, one of the most rigidly fixed class structures in the western world provided a framework which respected the dignity of the slave. Conversely, North American slavery became a closed, dehumanizing institution within the context of a "liberal, Protestant, secularized, capitalist culture. There was nothing here to prevent unmitigated capitalism from becoming unmitigated slavery", rationalized and characterized by a vitriolic and paternalistic racism.

The editor furnishes four appraisals of the hemispheric argument. David Brion Davis in "The Continuing Contradiction of Slavery: A Comparison of British America and Latin-America", contends that there were large gaps between the legal status of the slave in Brazil and the actual working of the institution. Physical brutality and racism, contrary to church law was a dominant feature of the Brazillian arrangement. However, Herbert Klein, in "Anglicanism, Catholicism, and the Negro slave", finds that theory and practice in Cuba were one. The Catholic church effectively protected the African whereas the Anglican church in Virginia represented, for the most part, the values of the slaveholders resulting in the almost complete exploitation of the bondsman. In "The Myth of the Friendly Master," Marvin Harris examines the machinations of Latin-American slave-masters and finds that the friendly master was largely a fiction. Professor Lane includes Orlando Patterson's effort on Jamaica in the section on the compatative slave systems, but Patterson's monograph really belongs with the slavery-personality critiques. Unfortunately, the editor did not incorporate Carl Degler's "Slavery in Brazil and the United States: An Essay in Comparative History," published in *The American Historical Review* Vol. LXXV, April, 1970.

What has proved to be the most contentious dimension of Elkins' *Slavery* is the concentration camp-slavery analogue. Like the Nazi detention centers American slavery systematically stripped the dignity of the inmates leaving them almost infan-

tile. There were no institutions in America dedicated to cushioning the effects of slavery. Therefore, the camp and the plantation produced a docilized personality—a servile victim easy to manage. As previously cited, in Latin-America the Catholic church through canon law prevented de-humanization. Interestingly, Orlando Patterson in “Quashee” says the “boy-uncle” was a significant feature of Jamician slavery.

The response to the docile slave interpretation has mirrored the rediscovery of our Afro-American past. Social Scientists have attacked the “sambo-uncle Tom” variant by emphasizing the slave’s resistance to oppression. Eugene Genovese’s “American Slaves and their History” and Roy Simon Bryce-Laporte’s “Slaves as inmates, Slaves as men: A Sociological discussion of Elkin’s thesis” provide two provocative replies. Both historians argue that Elkins over-generalized Negro behavior. Manifestly slave conduct was diverse. Bondsmen led two lives. They “shuffled” for the master and walked erect in the slave shacks. The master probably saw what the Africans wanted him to see. Also, Genovese and Bryce-Laporte enumerate other examples of slave-recalcitrance; running away, individual acts of violence, development of a distinctive Afro-American culture. Bryce-Laporte maintains “the fact is that they were all ambivalent and allegorical self-and group-asserting actions and thus subversive of the plantation system even if they were also partially legitimate.” A perceptive account missing from this segment is Henry Allen Bullock’s “A hidden passage in the Slave regime” in *The Black Experience in America* edited by James C. Curtis and Lewis L. Gould.

The role of the Abolitionists as developed in *Slavery* has proven to be the least controversial aspect of Elkins’ analysis. Aileen S. Kraditor’s “A note on Elkins and the Abolitionists” is the only work offered on this subject.

In “Slavery and Ideology”, especially written for this collection, Stanley Elkins examines the numerous criticisms that *Slavery* has engendered. He recommends that the argument be moved to another plane entirely—the role of ideology. What were the ideological dynamics that buttressed and weakened the slave societies of the western hemisphere?

Ann J. Lane should be commended for preparing a trenchant review on a subject that will, for some time to come, cause debate.

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William N. Still, Jr. *Iron Afloat*. (Nashville, Vanderbilt University Press, 1971. Pp. 260 illustrated. \$10.00)

In *Iron Afloat* William N. Still, Jr., has recounted the most adventurous and at the same time the most frustrating episodes in the history of the Confederate Navy. It was on the ironclad that the hopes of the Confederate Navy chiefly rested, and the imagination of the Southern public was aroused by the prospect of an ironclad fleet that would steam out of its rivers and harbors and break the blockade. As it unfolded, the history of the Confederate armorclad took a different course than that which Southern hopes reflected.

Dr. Still devotes the early chapters of his book to an account of how the armorclad program came into being. Early in the war Secretary of the Navy Mallory and his commanders realized that the South's best hopes lay in the construction of ironclad vessels. Initially they were designed to break the blockade, but as the war progressed they were devoted more and more to harbor and river defense.

The book fully treats the frustrating delays which accompanied efforts to build a fleet of armorclads. Of the fifty armorclads that were laid down during the war, only twenty-two were ever commissioned. Builders were plagued by severe labor shortages, since most of the seamen and mechanics in the Confederacy were taken into the army and army commanders were reluctant to release them for naval service. The scarcity of iron was another problem, for the South had few foundries capable of rolling plate and iron was in short supply. Even when iron was available, transportation was not to be had. At one point, it took a direct Presidential order to free flat cars for the transportation of iron. Machinery from old tugs and river steamers was unreliable. As the war wore on, nails were

in short supply, and there was a shortage of seasoned timber for ship construction.

Despite the delays and frustrations, there were high points of action in the history of the armorclad. In prose as absorbing as fiction, Dr. Still relates the action of such vessels as the *Virginia* at Hampton Roads, the *Arkansas* in the Mississippi River, the *Atlanta* in Savannah harbor, and the *Albemarle* off Wilmington. Nor does he neglect the history of the men who commanded and fought on the Confederate armorclads. Using letters and diaries, he adds considerable color to his narrative.

Iron Afloat clarifies several questions relating to the armorclad. For one thing, Dr. Still makes it clear that the armorclad after the first of the war was destined for river and harbor defense. In this effort they enjoyed a fair amount of success. He also points out that although many of the craft were makeshift vessels they had a powerful psychological effect upon the blockading fleets.

Everywhere apparent in the book is the author's extensive and careful research. The bibliographical essay which concludes the work should be helpful to other scholars in that it locates and describes many documents having to do with the Confederate Navy.

Aside from J. T. Scharf's contemporary and now antiquated account, there is no comprehensive history of the Confederate Navy. Dr. Still's book has filled a real need with its thorough treatment of the most significant chapter in Confederate naval history.

William N. Still, Jr. *Confederate Shipbuilding*. (Athens, University of Georgia Press, 1969. Pp. 110. \$3.00.)

Prior to William N. Still's *Confederate Shipbuilding*, historians had generally held that the Confederacy lacked the means of constructing a navy. In his brief study of the subject, Dr. Still assembles enough facts to dispel such a theory.

Rather than treating chronologically the history of Confederate efforts to build a navy, the author divides his study

into chapters dealing with various aspects of shipbuilding: the program, facilities, materials, and labor.

The history Dr. Still relates is hardly a success story. To begin with, the naval building program got off to a false start, concentrating on small river steamers before it was realized after Hampton Roads that the armorclad represented the best potential. As coastal areas fell under attack, it was necessary to move building facilities inland. Thereafter the builders were hampered by the fact that all of the means to build a ship were not concentrated in one place. Iron had to be obtained from one city, ordnance from another, timber from still another. This decentralization was complicated by the army's demand for priority on the railroads. Procuring labor was a constant problem as was obtaining materials. Of the 150 war ships laid down during the war, less than a third ever became operational.

At two points in his book Dr. Still refers to Safford County, Georgia, and to Safford. This should read Saffold, an installation in Early County, Georgia, where the steamer *Chattahoochee* was built.

In many places the wording in *Confederate Shipbuilding* is identical to that in *Iron Afloat*, for the two books overlap in many areas. It is an interesting and useful study, however, which adds greatly to our knowledge of the Confederate Navy.

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Emory M. Thomas. *The Confederate State of Richmond. A Biography of the Capital.* (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1971, Pp. x, 227. Illustrated. \$6.75.)

Twenty-five years ago, A. H. Bill narrated the experience of the capital of the Confederate States of America as *The Beleaguered City*. Now, Emory Thomas has completed a far better account of the same period of the Virginia city's history, in a much shorter space. Students of urban history should read this volume carefully, for it offers much to anyone who contemplates a study of a city in crisis.

Obviously, this author determined to interpret this story as he wrote it, and thus, he identifies Richmond with the Confederate States of America. Finally, he concluded that most Southerners came to identify their own fate with that of the capital. From the first pages of background and summary of the ante-bellum city with whiggish leadership, the thoroughness of the author's research is evident. Through each of the four "Parts" of this writing: "Seat of Government," "Shell and Be Damned," "Revolutionized City," and "Final Illness," this identity of city with nation and vice versa becomes more evident. Eagerly, the small city welcomed the Confederate Government to the banks of the James and accepted the apparent honor of the seat of power. Like the CSA executives, few Richmonders seemed to realize that this would make them the primary target for four lingering years of death and eventual destruction. Like their neighbors elsewhere in Dixie, these Virginians were enthusiastic and confident.

Quickly, the city fathers rallied the populace behind the gray troops and cheered Jefferson Davis and his associates. At first the people did not mind what they assumed would be brief interruptions of life and pleasure by the conflict. Mayor Joseph Mayo and his associates in the municipal government labored valiantly, and often skillfully, to preserve their municipal authority from the encroachments of both state and national needs in the urgency of crisis. The pages which describe their efforts at city finance and taxation, municipal services and public charity, may be the most valuable of this book. Few cities have endured such a close proximity to the battlefield for four years, and thus offer so sure an opportunity to study the effects of encroaching military power and increasing executive authority upon a mass of urban citizens.

Everything that Mayor Mayo and his colleagues attempted became increasingly difficult as the war continued. Most obvious was the dreary pressure of rampant inflation which became a particularly heavy burden upon the capital and its inhabitants. Gradually, even the financial solvency of the city government was in danger. Similarly, the account of the effects of the war upon the average citizen is well presented. The traditional social life could not be continued, but these once-gay people tried to dance away their sorrows and buoy the spirits of

the soldiers who so often were in their midst — and perhaps to encourage the civilians as well. The enthusiasm of these people was intensely durable. Like many other Confederates they maintained their confidence in the Army of Northern Virginia almost until the fall of the city. Not until late in 1864 or early the following year, did Thomas find evidence of fading morale. Apparently, the continuing shortages, constant Union military pressure, and the heavy pall of death, eroded their hopes. Even near the end, they managed to profess their public confidence in victory, but privately they were beginning to doubt that Lee's dwindling companies would withstand the apparently endless Yankee hordes.

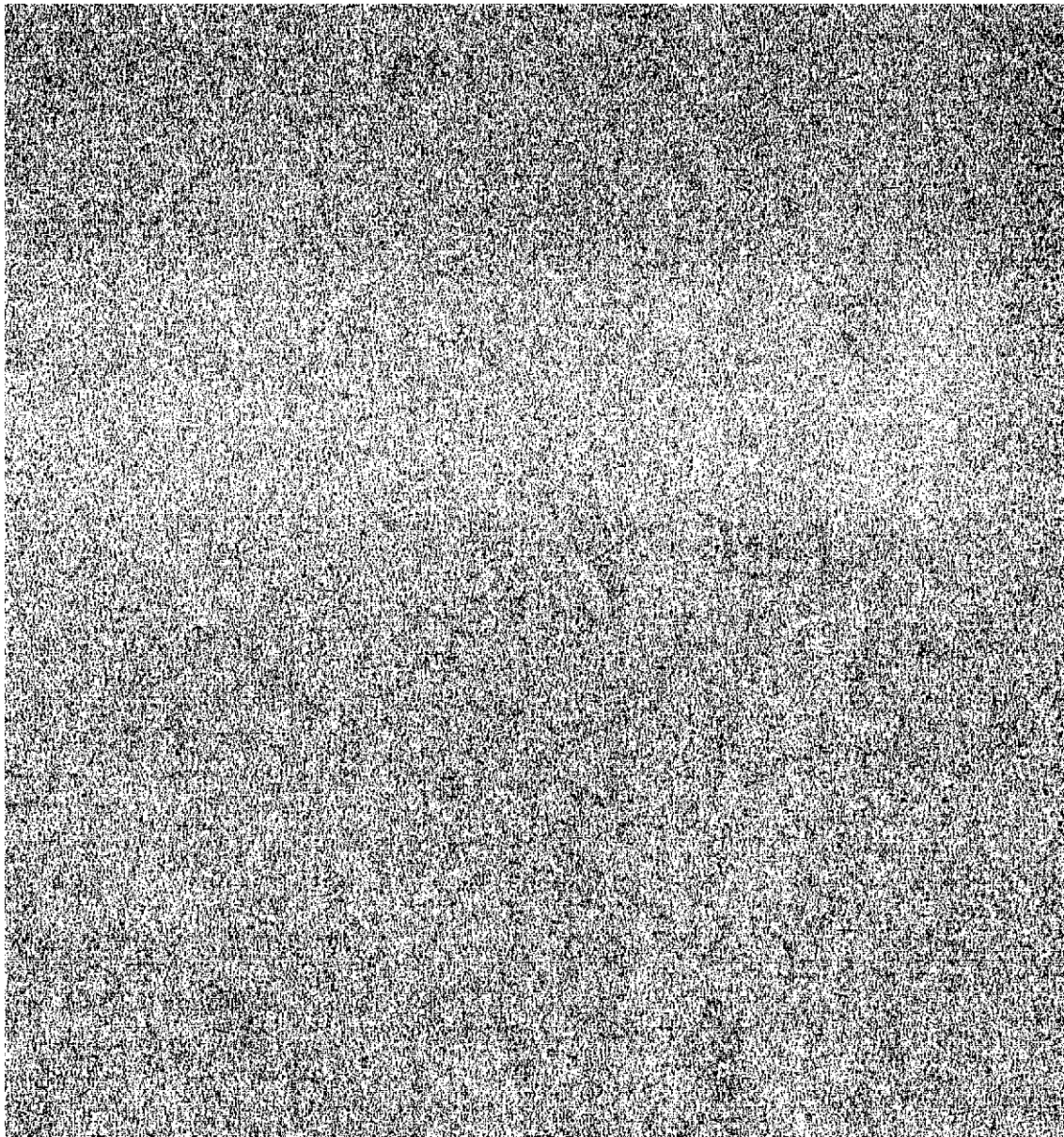
While the entire book reflects careful research and patient phrasing, the last "Part" is unusually well written. The author has managed to portray vividly the plight of the city as defeat loomed on the horizon. While these people once had been able to confront the enemy with both confidence and strength in the fields east of the city in the spring of 1862, by the first weeks of 1865, only pride kept the troops in the trenches around the besieged capital. But even their stomachs were uneasy from the effects of hunger and fear. Finally, Lee's lines could extend no more and the city fell — and soon the CSA — thus uniting the capital and the once-independent South in defeat.

This work should encourage other students of urban history. While students of the Civil War should add it to their collections, it deserves credit also as a worthy addition to a growing list of studies of the urban South. It is based upon a wealth of materials, particularly Richmond newspapers of the war years. In addition a large number of published diaries and reminiscences support the contemporary accounts of the journalists. Unfortunately, Thomas could find few manuscript collections of letters from wartime Richmond, but the few he located were particularly useful. He was able to use the complete file of City Council Minutes, as well as the Personal Property Tax Books and Real Estate Tax Books. These primary works, plus such varied sources as Federal prisoners' recollections of the city and travel accounts have contributed to this balanced work. Finally, the author's obvious knowledge and understanding of the city add much to the quality of the work.

The text is unusually free from error, either in fact or typography. A fine map locates important wartime sites and is unusually legible. A pictorial section, which includes most of the important wartime celebrities of Richmond and some contemporary drawings and photographs, enhances the work, as does the brief bibliographical essay, and a complete listing of works used. Finally, in an age of escalating prices it should be noted that this book is not beyond the means of most readers.

Other students of Southern history should consider studies of other important cities in Dixie. Some works have been completed of Memphis, Nashville, Houston, and New Orleans, but perhaps this segment of the section's past has been neglected. Scholars of Alabama history might well consider thorough studies of Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile.

Haskell Monroe
Texas A&M University



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